

INVESTIGATION

Screenplay by
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"He's a servant of the law and
eludes justice."

--Kafka

CREDITS

1 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE DAY

JUDE MAZZO, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, 45, trim, dark full hair. Hey, Jude. It's a name you remember. It sticks in mind. Jude the Obscure.

Jude Mazzo adjusts his tailored suit, crosses underground structure. The first thing you notice is the walk. The Jude walk. Something between a stroll and a strut. The balls of his feet carry his weight effortlessly; his heels follow, scrapping the concrete in precise hypnotic rhythm. The walk of confidence. His walk presumes order in the space through which it moves, creates an allusion of order if none exists. It says: this space has purpose because I am passing through it.

This isn't the confidence of unthought arrogance. It's the considered arrogance of a leader. People want order; they crave it like bread or water. Those who create order are avatars, above judgement or suspicion. Their walk, their bearing, the echoing sound of their approaching footsteps are manna for the masses.

- * Mazzo unlocks his metallic navy blue 1987 Beretta, sits in. Stereo blasts "Chantilly Lace," Big Bopper's 1959 rock hit, as he revs engine. Telephone RINGS from speakers. The Big Bopper answers in ersatz negroid:

"CHANTILLY LACE"

(jaunty)

"Hel-lo, ba-by,

Yeah, this is the Big Bopper speakin'

(demonic laugh)

O-oh, you sweet thang! Do I what?

Will I what? O-oh, ba-by,

You kno-ow what I like!"

Jude squeals off. Sometimes it's not enough to be a born leader. Sometimes you gotta flaunt it.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET DAY

Grey structures squat behind iron gates and lush magnolias. Mazzo's coupe approaches, parks between dark sedans. Jude gets out, tightens his silk tie as he steps toward sidewalk. The tie's just the right touch, obtrusive yet elegant: a sky blue gash neck to navel.

Mazzo turns at corner, continues down sidewalk. The score picks up where "Chantilly Lace" cuts off. Music surrounds Jude, always pulsing, pushing forward. Screen credits continue.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. KARIN'S APT. BLDG. DAY

Jude steps into shadow of six-story Post-modern condominium complex. Enters.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LOBBY DAY

Steps to elevator, presses button. Hawaiian paintings adorn far wall.

CUT TO:

5 INT. FIFTH FLOOR DAY

Exits elevator, looks both directions. Hallway empty. Jude walks softly to 5C. He pauses outside door; he pats his hair in place, straightens suit and tie.

Jude removes key from coat pocket, unlocks door slowly, silently. He tiptoes inside.

CUT TO:

6 INT. KARIN'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Jude enters silently. Chain-latches door.

Jude surveys room with familiar eyes. The only light comes from drawn yellowed window shades; thin strips of exterior green foilage glow underneath.

The decor jumps out at you: an eclectic jungle of plants and paisley. A wall cluttered with clippings butts into a verdure tapestry. Second Empire chaise strewn with books. Cheap salsa music enhances Green Mansions effect.

One thing is certain: a woman lives here. Intellectual: definately. Young: probably. Impulsive: compulsively.

Light shines from open bedroom. Sheets rustle within. Mazzo lowers salsa muzak, enters. Screen credits continue.

CUT TO:

7 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

KARIN SCHREIBER, 25, wrapped in pink bed sheet, approaches Jude seductively. Dirty blond hair, pale complexion. Either Dutch or German. She could be a model.

Karin opens sheet, drapes it shroud-like over Jude's shoulders. He glimpses her nudity. She smiles:

CONTINUED

7 CONT'D.

KARIN
(teasing)
How will you kill me today?

JUDE
I'll slit your throat.

END CREDITS

Jude removes his blue tie, turns on large TV directly facing Karin's bed. He dials cable box to C-Span: hearings live from Capitol Hill--on screen, inaudible, some duly elected asshole pontificates. Karin sits on mattress, stretches.

- * Jude removes suit jacket, folds it over chair, rhythmically weaves sex fantasy scenario:

JUDE
It's a political scandal. Misused funds. Pivot this way, toward the TV. Kinky sex, ruined career, media rumors, ridicule--the Senator was one of the most respected on the Hill...
(Karin swivels)
...yes, just like that. Member of the Judicial Committee. Considered above reproach.

Karin lies facing foot of bed. Random mirrors reflect all four walls. Erotic painting of elaborate coitus, executed in Soviet Social Realist style, hangs beside rack of nightgowns. Stained glass lamps, oddly placed, provide pastel light. This is boudoir, not bedroom.

Karin watches Mazzo disrobe. He places dress shoes--black, polished, Italian--neatly under chair, tucks Picasso pattern socks inside. Folds, stacks shirt and trousers. Karin fluffs her pillow.

Jude removes bikini briefs, tucks them from sight, slips in bed. Karin welcomes him with a smile.

CUT TO:

8 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

TIMECUT: salsa music BLARES from stereo. Jude and Karin energetically atop wide oceanic bed. Panting, they change positions, restart. TV casts cathode glow across bed.

Karin, astride Jude, silhouetted in C-Span. She grips his buttocks, guides penal thrusts. Her breath quickens. Her breaths echo. She digs her fingers into Mazzo's thighs.

8 CONT'D.

Jude's hands rise along her torso. Karin shivers at onset of orgasm. She elongates her climax with slow crescendoing SCREAM, each octave a new plateau of pleasure. Karin's voice fades as she slumps forward, GASPING. Her chest flattens upon his. She wheezes, then stops.

Mazzo pulls himself up beside her--only then do we notice the blood across his chest and face. Karin is dead. Her throat has been slit. Jude eases Karin's body to sheets as he swings his legs to floor. He stands pulling sheet around waist. Karin watches blank-eyed in pool of blood.

Jude waddles from bedroom.

CUT TO:

9 INT. KARIN'S BATHROOM DAY

Jude showers. Blood washes down drain.

CUT TO:

10 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

Mazzo, wrapped in sheet, returns to Karin's bed. He rumages through bloodied bed covers until he finds safety razor blade, the murder weapon. He hardly notices Karin. Jude wipes razor blade on bed cover, walks away.

CUT TO:

11 INT. KARIN'S KITCHEN DAY

Jude takes a glass from cupboard, opens refrigerator door. He removes, uncaps bottle of dry vermouth. He fingers the glass as he fills it. Jude lifts vermouth to his lips, swallows, shivers.

CUT TO:

12 INT. KARIN'S LIVING ROOM DAY

Mazzo enters with bottle and glass, walks to windows. He raises a center shade, looks outside: traffic passes in sunlight. He steps to bookshelf, turns off stereo. The salsa stops.

Weary, Jude lowers himself onto Karin's sofa. He lies still, wrapped in sheet, cradling vermouth bottle and glass, staring at ceiling. Jude's eyes close. He slips lightly to sleep.

CUT TO:

13 INT.

KARIN'S BEDROOM

DAY

TIMECUT: 30 minutes later. Jude is awake and dressed, his spirits replenished. Music score sets him in motion.

Mazzo puts on Sahara-brown suit coat as he crosses to bureau. Blue silk tie hangs loose around his neck.

He pulls white handkerchief from pocket, wraps it around right hand. He opens bureau drawer with covered hand, leaving no fingerprints. Inside, Karin's cash and jewelry lie amid personal possessions.

Mazzo lifts inlaid box, sets it down. He flips through folded tens and twenties, puts money back, then examines antique jade and silver necklace. Jude pauses to review his strategy. He carefully wraps handkerchief around necklace, places necklace in coat pocket.

Jude turns to bed where Karin lies twisted in the covers--still but still beautiful. He pulls tie from neck, turns it over.

He crouches beside Karin, lifts her hand. Jude gingerly drags the silk tie across Karin's long fingernails. A blue thread catches under her index finger. He pulls tie away, releases her hand. Karin's fingers reflexively curl around the sky blue thread.

CUT TO:

14 INT.

KARIN'S KITCHEN

DAY

Jude enters tying tie.

He presses his shoe against tile floor, then raises foot to reveal faint bloody footprint. He steps again, leaving fainter and fainter footfalls.

Jude lifts receiver from wall phone, dials number from memory. He squats against wall, receiver pressed to his ear. He waits, fiddles impatiently. Paperback books are stacked everywhere. Someone finally answers. Jude speaks with cadence of one conditioned to command:

JUDE

Hello?

(pause)

Hello. Homicide, please.

(pause)

They ought to be answering,
unless they're asleep. A girl
has been murdered.

(pause)

A girl was killed, I tell you!

(MORE)

14 CONT'D.

JUDE contd
 (pause)
 2085 M Street.
 (pause)
M Street, not N Street, you idiot!
 (pause)
 Who was she? Karin Schreiber. On
 the fifth floor.
 (pause)
 You got all that? Read it back to me.

Mazzo listens, nods, checks watch. Satisfied, he stands
 to hang up phone. It's time to go.

He turns back to frig, opens door. Jude removes bottle of
 Moet champagne, tucks it under his arm. He walks away,
 leaving refrigerator door ajar.

CUT TO:

15 INT. LOBBY DAY

Jude exits elevator, walks to main entrance. His eyes flit
 side to side. Otherwise, his face's a blank mask.

The front door opens as Mazzo reaches for handle. He's
 suddenly face to face with RIA MALED, 24, about to enter.
 They freeze. Have they met? Do they know each other?

Ria's dressed chic/casual. Either Arab or Italian. Slightly
 built with piercing eyes. Suspicious type--like those
 longtime students who never graduate.

RIA
 Excuse me.

JUDE
 Huh?

RIA
 Excuse me, please, I'd like to
 get through.

JUDE
 Sorry.

Mazzo steps back as Ria passes. Jude exits, proceeds to
 sidewalk. Ria pauses in lobby to watch him. No doubt:
 he knows our Jude.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. JUSTICE DEPT. DAY

* MOVING POV from inside Jude's Beretta: Justice Dept. complex looms immediately ahead. Washington D.C. Capitol Dome crowns the six-story skyline.

The Justice Department, built 1931-35, a monumental Art Deco structure halfway between the Capital and the White House. It's granite facade is richly decorated with columns, friezes and inscriptions. Military personnel patrol the sidewalks. All visitors are screened. D.C. seems under siege. Pink plexi sign at entrance warns: "Caution, Power Doors Swing Out."

The FBI Building, 1974, Hoover's monolith, engulfs the neighboring block. Its brutal design dwarfs human scale and feeling.

SCREENWRITER'S NOTE: Special consideration is given to architecture throughout the script. The story is set in visual brave new world. Post-modern structures, such as Washington Harbour (under construction), U.S. News, Westin and Grand hotels, are favored. International Style buildings are also preferred: L'Enfant Plaza, AFL-CIO, FBI headquarters. Architecture of film need not be beautiful, it need only be new. Historic Washington is irrelevant. Jude Mazzo's a new creation; he needs new space.

CUT TO:

17 INT. JUDE'S JUSTICE DEPT. OFFICE DAY

White collar workers crowd impressive corner office overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue. No flies on this bunch: they exude self-righteousness of underlings on the rise. Today's idealists aching to be tomorrow's bureaucrats.

A mounted Justice Dept. seal, flanked by U.S. flags, sets the tone. Grid of framed photos feature Mazzo posing with politicians past and present. Two objects stand out from the government-issue decor: a bright Memphis chair and Neo-expressionist map of D.C. Just the right hip.

The office workers watch CNN. Generic NEWSCASTER speaks framed by blue screen pic of smoking subway platform. Bloodied woman lies in photo foreground.

CNN NEWSCASTER

...The government has taken great pains to remain calm throughout the crisis, convinced any appearance of panic would only encourage terrorists. The President conducted business as usual as pressure for action continues to mount in the wake of the Statue of Liberty bombing...

*

CONTINUED

17 CONT'D.

- * CNN cuts to file footage of bleeding, frightened tourists streaming from smoke-filled entrance to Statue of Liberty. Paramedics and police hustle them away under glare of TV cameras.

CNN NEWSCASTER contd

...Rumors of the U.S. response are the talk of Washington. This we now know for certain: the Attorney General will announce, perhaps as soon as tomorrow, the formation of an ad-hoc anti-terrorism agency, an elite inter-departmental unit headed by an anti-terrorism "czar." The name most mentioned...

YOUNG JUSTICE EMPLOYEE improves dramatic drum roll.

CNN NEWSCASTER

...is that of Jude Mazzo, the high profile United States District Attorney from the District of Columbia. Steve Dunn has compiled a background report on Attorney Mazzo. Steve--

REPORTER DUNN narrates bio over clips from Mazzo's career. They include:

- Jude as young lawyer on courthouse steps.
- Jude unveils chart of underworld crime activities.
- Jude sworn in.
- Jude, in leather jacket and jeans, tells of undercover drug buy.
- Jude receives VFW commendation.
- Jude at White House reception.
- Jude jumping from helicopter, followed by FBI.

Clips cover five years. In early footage, Jude's dress and manner are bland. Later, he's the opposite: snazzy, confident, charismatic.

REPORTER DUNN (O.S.)

...first burst on the scene with his vigorous organized crime and drug prosecutions, breaking all the unwritten rules. The politicians all stood their distance, waiting for Mazzo to take his fall. Instead,

(MORE)

17 CONT'D.

REPORTER DUNN (O.S.) contd
came a wave of convictions. Not
surprisingly, Mazzo turned his attention
to city corruption. Within eight months,
16 state and local officials had resigned...

Mazzo's cohorts joke, wisecrack to screen. Jude's very
much a hero here--both loved and respected.

REPORTER DUNN (O.S.)
...Even those opposed to the new
agency seem to have no objections
concerning Attorney Mazzo. He is, in
the words of the President, "an American
hero."

Door opens. All eyes turn.

Jude strides in, Moet bottle under his arm. Office staff
bursts into spontaneous applause. Mazzo pops cork, sending
spray across room. He speaks rapid-fire:

JUDE
Get some glasses, they're in the
cupboard--not too many. And turn
that thing off. Sandy? I'll never
understand how seemingly intelligent
people who spend their days planting
stories and manipulating coverage
can turn around, flip on the news,
sit there and watch it like God
was sending it down fresh from Mt.
Sinai. Manna!
(looks)
Great, over here.

YOUNG OFFICE WORKER distributes plastic glasses as SANDY, an
"Executive Assistant," turns off TV. Jude spills champagne
as he pours from glass to glass.

YOUNG OFFICE EMPLOYEE
Congratulations, sir.

Others echo congratulations. Jude pours:

JUDE
Here, here. Thank you.
(suddenly harsh)
Stop!

They all freeze. Awkward silence.

CONTINUED

17 CONT'D.

JUDE

This is no time for celebration.
(pauses for effect)
And you can quote me on that.

Jude breaks into laugh, takes swig. Impromptu party resumes.
Staff divides into threes and fours.

ALAN, 29, speaks with fellow EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT out of earshot:

ALAN

Who's Mazzo taking to the new agency?

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

Get in line: that's what everybody wants
to know. That's where the action's
gonna be. And Jude ain't talking.

Jude, working crowd, approaches:

ALAN

We're going to miss you.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

It won't be the same.

JUDE

I'll be around. You can't get
rid of me that easy. Besides,
Milton will step right in.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

It won't be the same.

SECOND EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT joins them. Jude turns to him:

JUDE

What's green with four legs
and does impressions?

ALAN

(to 2nd Ass't)
Don't answer.

JUDE

I want it on my desk in the
morning. Clayton, right?
(walks off)

ALAN

That's how he gets his jokes.

Jude steps beside ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY AVERY MILTON, Jude's
right-hand man and confidant. Ass't Attorney Milton, late
fifties, seems more suited to office than courtroom. He's
quite content to stand in Jude's shadow.

17 CONT'D.

MILTON
So, congratulations once again.

JUDE
Thanks, Milt.

Mazzo, smiling, calls to unseen staff member:

JUDE
You're coming with me, don't forget!

Milton suppresses sting of slight: he hasn't been asked.
Nearby, TWO ATTORNEYS dish breaking murder:

1ST ATTORNEY
...it's this really hot babe. You
know, sweater meat for miles. Embassy
connections all over. The whole
package. Zapped.

2ND ATTORNEY
The Thai girl--?

1ST ATTORNEY
No way Homicide get this juiced over
a gook. They're 'Nam-heads--

Mazzo and Milton walk over. Second Attorney brightens, fawns:

2ND ATTORNEY
You hear this, boss? Gorgeous
girl, diplomatic connections, then
zi-ip--
(throat cut gesture)
Page one all the way.

1ST ATTORNEY
No other marks on body. Mint
condition from the neck down.

JUDE
Where's this from?

1ST ATTORNEY
Precinct gossip. Real sketchy.
We're gonna get called in--to check
out the "political angle." Probably
banging Embassy Row like Mother
Theresa--

CONTINUED

17 CONT'D.

2ND ATTORNEY
(correcting)
--Mata Hari--

JUDE
(cuts in)
Where?

2ND ATTORNEY
N Street. Two thousand something.

JUDE
(disgusted)
What did your brain do while your
dick was going to law school? 2000 N
is a vacant lot! And don't be so fast
to jump to judgement.
(calls to others)
There's only one guilty person around here!

All stop silent. Second Attorney shrivels in pinstripes, his
career hanging by a thread. Jude laughs:

JUDE
And that's me!

Two Attorneys, relieved, join laughter. Mazzo resumes
conversation with First Attorney:

JUDE
They want us there? The
Justice Department?

1ST ATTORNEY
That's what I hear. Request en route.

JUDE
(to Milton)
Well, let's dig it out. Thank
God, I thought I was going to have
to spend my last day here drinking
champagne--I don't even like champagne.
Com'on, Milt, let's go.

They walk off. Second Attorney turns to First:

2ND ATTORNEY
Tell me I'm wrong. Tell me
I didn't fuck my promotion.
(slap head)
Damn!

CUT TO:

18 EXT. JUSTICE DEPT. DUSK

- * Beretta coupe exits wrought deco gates, heads west on 9th past FBI Building. Black-on-white Justice Dept. license plates distinguish Jude's coupe from surrounding cars.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. KARIN'S APT. NIGHT

Jude/Milton MOVING POV inside car: 2085 M Street appears amid flashing red and yellow lights. D.C. police cordon off reporters and onlookers. TWO PARAMEDICS rest against ambulance, as if awaiting instructions.

- * PATROLMAN recognizes Jude as Beretta parks. He escorts Mazzo and Milton through crowd as pushing newsmen call, "Judi, Judi." Mazzo acknowledges photo flashbulbs as he enters.

CUT TO:

20 INT. KARIN'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

"Evidence Gathering Technicians" take notes, collect fingerprints, label evidence. Policeman crosses from living room to kitchen. No one seems in a hurry. Faint red light flashes below partially drawn window shade.

Two plainclothes officials chat casually near bedroom door. DECT. GILBERT GIDEON, 48, FBI, speaks in tones befitting seniority. LT. MICHAEL WEISS, 37, District of Columbia Homicide Division, listens to Gideon, defers, smiles. Both men, conservatively dressed, exude careerism: intense, intelligent, well-exercised.

Jude's arrival causes immediate stir. They've been waiting for him. Mazzo nods to others as he and Milton join Gideon and Weiss, exchange handshakes:

DECT. GIDEON
Thanks for coming yourself, Mr. Attorney. I know you're busy.
You know Lt. Weiss, D.C. Homicide--?

JUDE
(nods)
What took you so long to call in the request, Gideon?
(to Weiss)
Just look, Lieutenant, and hope you never know the hell of a FBI man asking for help--

DECT. GIDEON
(defensive)
The Bureau can't afford mistakes. I had to be certain of the foreign police ramifications. Then we found this.

20 CONT'D.

Gideon takes bound leather address book from shelf, hands it to Mazzo:

DECT. GIDEON

Her address book: diplomats, lefties, lobbyists--goddamn Who's Who. Just look at the first name under "B." Your name is even in there.

LT. WEISS

She cut out clippings of political events, terrorist incidents, the New York subway bomb--

JUDE

That too?

LT. WEISS

Post.

JUDE

Where is she?

DECT. GIDEON

In the bedroom.

JUDE

Let's take a look.

CUT TO:

21 INT.

KARIN'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

Jude and others enter "boudoir" as Technicians collate evidence. Jude, expressionless, scans room as if seeing it for the first time. Adjusts his tie.

Bed furnishings, measured, labeled, remain as before. Karin's body lies unmoved under pink sheets.

LT. WEISS

Karin Schreiber, 24, Dutch passport.

Jude pauses at portable tape player atop TV, depresses "play" lever. Tape hiss followed by phone RING. Big Bopper answers from two-inch speakers: "Hel-lo, ba-by. Yeah, this is the Big Bopper Speakin.'"

JUDE

Pull back the sheets.

CONTINUED

21 CONT'D.

Mazzo watches as EVIDENCE GATHERING TECHNICIAN #1 unveils Karin's body. Dry blood forms Rorschach stain beside her neck. Jude tilts his head to study corpse: very sexy, very Madame Tussard.

DECT. GIDEON
Clean razor wound. No trace
of the murder weapon.

JUDE
Cover her up. Who's name was
the apartment in?

Mazzo steps into bathroom, turns shower nozzle on and off.
Gideon ejects "Chantilly Lace" as others observe from bedroom.

LT. WEISS
Hers. The victim.

JUDE
The neighbor?

LT. WEISS
A doctor. A man completely above
suspicion. The other apartment vacant--

JUDE
And who gets everything? The
husband?

LT. WEISS
Separated three years.

Mazzo examines tile floor; pink stain washes down drain.

JUDE
Bring him in for questioning.

Weiss eyeballs Gideon: whose case is it? D.C.P.D. or FBI?
Mazzo retraces steps through bedroom:

JUDE
Who's conducting the investigation?

LT. WEISS
Homicide--

DECT. GIDEON
FBI.

LT. WEISS
D.C. Homicide will continue its
investigation.

21 CONT'D.

Gideon shrugs. Local cops are Gumbies in FBI world view.
Mazzo continues into kitchen.

DECT. GIDEON
Her address book?

CUT TO:

22 INT. KARIN'S KITCHEN NIGHT

Jude opens refrigerator door:

JUDE
Keep it. I want no coverup.

EVIDENCE GATHERING TECHNICIAN #2 approaches with stack of
black-and-white glossies.

TECHNICIAN #2
(eager)
Look, the victim posed for these
crime scene photographs. Like
some cheap magazine. Obviously taken
by an amateur.

Technician displays 8x10 "crime scene" stills. In each Karin
Schreiber is the "victim." Jude's eyes fix on photos. They
feature:

--Karin, fully clothed, slumped against toilet bowl.

--Karin, in bra and panties, face-down on carpet, plastic
fish in her mouth.

--Karin, wearing only mini-skirt, draped over bed. Her body
covered with record albums and tapes.

Laughing VOICES initiate flashback.

CUT TO:

23 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK

A year before. Jude and Karin at play, laughing as they stage
"crime scene" photos. Big Bopper sings on stereo.

Mazzo, hair tussled, wields Nikon like work tool. Barefoot,
he wears white shirt, dark trousers. He's ten pounds heavier.
Karin leans head against bureau.

CONTINUED

23 CONT'D.

JUDE
Don't move!

Jude snaps picture. FLASH!

CUT TO:

24 INT. KARIN'S BATHROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

TIMECUT. "Seventy-six Trombones" plays as Karin poses over toilet. She twists head, drops jaw, stares vacantly. Jude moves erratically, testing camera angles, speaking as if spellbound:

JUDE
...She was a SAS stewardess. Having an affair with two different pilots-- both at 37,000 feet! We found her in the ladies room at JFK, choked, just like that. A real beauty. Hold it.

Mazzo snaps another pic--FLASH!--pulls Karin to feet:

JUDE
Who do you want to do now?

KARIN
The rock and roll singer! Julie!

JUDE
Right.

* SCREENWRITER'S NOTE: The choice of pop source music (with the exception of "Chantilly Lace") is indicative, not proscriptive. Jude is the product of rock and roll, more Presley than politics. Source music should also provide ironic counterpoint to action, reinforcing symbolic drama-- keeping viewer at arm's length. Alternative titles, equally effective, spring to mind: "Changes" by David Bowie, "Hanky Panky" by Tommy James and the Shondells, "Man Machine" by Kraftwerk, "Imagine" by John Lennon, etc.

CUT TO:

25 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

TIMECUT. Karin, mini-skirted, hangs half-naked over bed. Joan Jett sings "I Love Rock and Roll." Jude narrates scenario:

CONTINUED

25 CONT'D.

JUDE

...she's found in a cheap motel
outside Crisfield. Her tongue ripped
out, body covered with record albums
and tapes--all sacred music...

Mazzo yanks albums from shelves, places them on Karin as she
hums mantra "om."

JUDE

...her boyfriend was a religious
fanatic, divinity school dropout--

KARIN

(objects)

No, he was an artist--

JUDE

--we found him two blocks away in
a local bar, listening to her
beautiful voice coming from the
jukebox like an angel's.

He snaps again. FLASH! Karin returns to life:

KARIN

The revolutionary!

CUT TO:

26 INT.

KARIN'S LIVING ROOM

DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

TIMECUT. Jude places Karin, wearing grey skirt and black bra,
on chaise as Village People repeat, "I'm a macho, macho man... ."
Mazzo bounds about, ecstatic. Karin howls with laughter.

They grow frenetic with each enactment. Their psyches meld
for a moment: is it sex or is it symbiosis? Jude circles:

JUDE

A young coed. University of Maryland.
Murdered by her sociology professor,
suffocated by \$100 bills. Then raped
after she was dead...

Mazzo stuffs Kleenex in Karin's mouth, spreads her knees:

JUDE

...Spread your legs. Now don't move.

Click. FLASH! Karin removes tissues from mouth:

26 CONT'D.

KARIN

But don't you get excited when
they're found like this?

JUDE

I was very excited by a case
several years ago.

(kneels beside her)

He had a device...

(voice trails off)

KARIN

Tell me about it.

JUDE

(embarrassed)

No, no, I can't.

Technician #2'S VOICE returns us to present:

TECHNICIAN #2 (V.O.)

Obviously the work of an amateur.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

27 INT.

KARIN'S KITCHEN

NIGHT

U.S. Attorney Mazzo turns from "crime scene" photos, walks
over bloody footprints (now covered with plastic). Gideon
joins him from bedroom:

DECT. GIDEON

He must have been an idiot.

JUDE

Who?

DECT. GIDEON

The killer.

JUDE

Why is he an idiot?

DECT. GIDEON

Because of the way he acted. Stupidly
and arrogantly. He empties her jewelry
box but doesn't take the money. He
kills her, then marches into the john
to shower. Puts shoes on, leaves foot-
prints across kitchen. Just stupid.

CONTINUED

27 CONT'D.

JUDE
According to you.

Mazzo and Gideon stare eye to eye; their rivalry rises to surface. Gideon bites lip, represses resentment. "Just wait," Gideon's eyeballs say, "I too will have my day."

Jude puts his arm around Detective Gideon:

JUDE
You know I have put together a task force for NATA, the new anti-terror agency, Gid, and I was thinking I might have something that would interest you.

Gideon's honored but wary. He quickly calculates pros and cons:

DECT. GIDEON
God knows I'm flattered. Honest, Jude. I'm just not sure I could work for you--

JUDE
Name a position.

DECT. GIDEON
(shakes head)
I'm willing to be swallowed but not digested. I don't want to end up in the rectum.

JUDE
I respect that. I can respect dumb.

Mazzo walks back toward bedroom.

CUT TO:

28 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Jude watches as Paramedics lower Karin's body onto stretcher, looks to Milton and Weiss:

JUDE
I really wish it were the husband, too. It would be easier.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LOBBY NIGHT

Hawaiian silkscreens now top lit, hang on wall. Mazzo and Milton cross as cops screen incoming residents. Ahead, TV lights glare blindingly through front doors.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. KARIN'S APT. BLDG. NIGHT

Reporters yell questions as Jude/Milton squeeze through press gauntlet without comment. Mazzo turns to favor "Eyewitness News" crew, recognizes dim profile in crowd: Ria Maled. Jude quickly continues; Milt follows.

* Mazzo subtly motions to SAM ZEGNER, 23, peach-fuzzed "print journalist," as he and Avery approach Beretta. Jude points to pay phone, dials in pantomime. Sam responds with nod as Mazzo and Milton enter car, drive away.

Sam scurries to phone booth, inserts coin, punches dial buttons: the Jimmy Olson illusion vanishes--just another headline whore.

CUT TO:

* 31 INT. BERETTA NIGHT

Carphone RINGS. Jude picks up receiver as they drive south through Georgetown. Sam speaks from M Street phone booth, sometimes OFF SCREEN, sometimes ON SCREEN:

SAM

Rumor says we got a scandal. Great going away present, huh, Attorney? Or should I call you Director? Congratulations by the way. So? So?

JUDE

It's still "Mr. Attorney" and no comment, Sam.

SAM

Jude, please. I've got a lot of dirty minds to feed.

JUDE

Just this--but it didn't come from me...

SAM

Of course not--I'm not even on the phone.

CONTINUED

31 CONT'D.

JUDE

The place reeked of sex. You can't imagine. Unnatural acts. Really disgusting--and one other thing. We didn't find any underwear in the apartment. None. Not anywhere.

SAM

Sex crime?

JUDE

No, she just didn't wear any. Your readers oughtta like that.

SAM

Great, I'll lead with it. Any names involved? Diplomatic corps, I bet. Right? Why else would you be there? Must be big--

JUDE

False alarm, nothing there. The Bureau and D.C.P.D. will investigate--if they can stop pissin on each other.

(a beat)

Go for the crime-of-passion, Sam. Lead with the domestic angle, follow with the kink. Play up the husband. He's the key. Trust me. Do this for me, okay?

SAM

Great, thanks.
(Jude hangs up)

Mazzo doesn't bother with goodbyes. Conversation terminated. Never transpired.

Georgetown U. shops and bars pass right and left. Milton hasn't spoken for some time. Jude turns to him:

JUDE

I want you to keep me informed on this Schreiber case, Milt. Keep on it.

MILTON

From the Justice Department? I don't even know what my job will be after you leave. I may not have access. I may not have a desk.

CONTINUED

31 CONT'D.

JUDE

What do you mean, Justice Department?

(a beat)

Didn't I tell you?

MILTON

(confused)

What?

JUDE

Do you think I'd let someone as good as you slip through my hands? You're coming with me to NATA--as first or second assistant, unless something else, of course. I told you weeks ago.

Avery's palpably relieved. His fear of being left behind had become an obsession. He would have, of course, remembered an earlier offer--that's for sure!--no matter now.

MILTON

I remember now...

JUDE

Maybe I wasn't clear.

MILTON

I appreciate the faith you have in me. I won't let you down.

CUT TO:

32 EXT.

WASHINGTON HARBOUR

NIGHT

Later that night. Celica drives under Whitehurst Freeway, turns in sprawling commercial/residential complex--the "Washington Harbour" development, completion date 1987, Post-modern equivalent of Watergate Office Building: just as ugly, twice as trendy. On the Potomac, south of Georgetown, Washington Harbour boasts Cuisinart mix of arches, ariels, bays and balconies--a yuppie Watts Towers.

Jude parks in assigned space, enters door flanked by ornamental columns. Lawn lights exaggerate structure's fairy tale architecture.

CUT

33 INT. 1ST FLOOR HALL NIGHT

He passes mirror of trompe l'oeil wallpaper, waits for elevator, steps in as doors close.

CUT TO:

34 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL NIGHT

Jude rounds corner, approaches through corridor of "Etruscan" murals. Each floor has distinct decor--each a tier of tackiness.

Mazzo withdraws keys, unlocks apartment door.

CUT TO:

35 INT. JUDE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Jude strides across rectangle room overlooking Potomac. Arlington County glistens out the window. Furniture and found objects sit at odd angles; behind, a Shaker pew is stacked with file cartons. "Superman" pinball machine stands behind.

*
* Brian Ferry croons "The Stroll" from vintage Rockola jukebox; Jude's footsteps echo Ferry's beat. He loosens his tie.

CUT TO:

36 INT. JUDE'S OFFICE NIGHT

Jude closes door, sits at custom-made desk--crescent slab of green marble atop Mission Style base. Faded "Washington Senators" pennant hangs between celebrity photos. Bookshelves blanket the adjoining walls. CNN plays silently on desktop TV.

Jude removes Karin's purloined necklace, unwraps it. After brief glimpse, he rewraps necklace in handkerchief, locks it in desk drawer.

Mazzo stares at black phone. It RINGS OFF SCREEN.

CUT TO:

37 INT. JUDE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Mazzo rolls around sheets, unable to sleep. OFF SCREEN telephone RINGS. Karin speaks in flashback:

KARIN (V.O.)
Mr. Attorney? You don't know me.
How could you? We never met. I think
I go around with cops?...
(MORE)

CUT TO:

38 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK

Eighteen months before. Karin, wearing brown negligee, sits on bed, speaks on phone. Poising finger over disconnect button, she laughs into receiver. Dialogue continuous from previous scene:

KARIN contd

(taunting)

...Who am I? Maybe I'm a terrorist. One of the two thousand terrorists running free you talk so much about. Bet you think you're sexy in those discount suits that buldge up the crotch?

(a beat)

What's my name?

(laughs)

Why don't you find out? You're so smart. Always giving interviews, being photographed--speaking of which, you should lose some weight.

(hangs up)

CUT TO:

39 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

Similiar day. Karin, half in negligee, stretches through sheets as she speaks to Jude, insinuating phone sex like sorority cockteaser.

KARIN

...Mr. United States Attorney. Such a man. Can't even find a horny terrorist sympathizer. Can't even find an obscene caller, the most obvious thing in the world, an obscene caller, naked, lying here, feeling herself, thinking about Mr. U.S. Attorney thinking about me in his ugly black shoes all cops wear, with Vibram soles...

CUT TO:

40 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

Similiar day. Karin, in open robe, bolts upright in bed. Her phone montage continues:

40 CONT'D.

KARIN
 (faking fear)
 ...Oh, help me, help me! Mr. Attorney, someone is breaking into my apartment. He's crazy. I think he's tapping my phone. He's trying to get me! He wants to rape me!
 (looks up)
 He's here now! And he has no pants on!
 (falls back)
 I'm all alone with the man who will rape me. That's my destiny. I need you...

CUT TO:

41 INT. KARIN'S BATHROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

Similiar day. Karin, on phone, smoking cigarette, soaks in steamy tub. Bath water reveals her body.

KARIN
 ...always in black--did somebody die on you?
 (a beat)
 Don't kid yourself. You don't appeal to me. You're just a typical little man with a typical belly, a bureaucrat. I imagine you must sweat and wear cheap musk after-shave--certainly not my favorite...

CUT TO:

42 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM EVENING

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

Similiar day. Last sun glows through translucent window shades. Karin, nude but for lace shawl, leans cross-legged on bed. Brown phone rests strategically atop her crotch. Black cord runs between her thighs, across her breasts. Karin steadies base with one hand, fingers cord with other as she continues in medias res:

KARIN
 ...a D.A. must know a million secrets, just like a priest. Actually it's your mind I like. I admire all police.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

42 CONT'D.

KARIN contd

I'd love to be a stoolie. If you gave me the third degree I would do anything.

(listens: flares)

Do that with your mother 'cause she's used to it!

On screen, old building burns inaudibly--it could be a news report, it could be a movie.

SOUND: front door opening. Squeaky FOOTSTEPS. She flips off tube, twists head:

KARIN

Who is it?

* Door latches shut. Black shoes enter screen left. With Vibram soles. Jude steps in, speaking on wireless phone. He has been conversing en route.

JUDE

Police.

Mazzo, sweaty, Nixon-eyed, enters in ill-fit black suit, white shirt, wrinkled tie. Matted clump of hair hangs on forehead. Stomach paunch stretches shirt. No cool Jude, this.

* He crosses living area, stands in boudoir. Karin slams receiver down, makes no attempt to cover herself:

KARIN

It's you, Mr. Attorney. I thought it was either the police or a junkie.

* Jude rests receiver on table, suspiciously sniffs hand-rolled cigarette, replaces butt in ashtray. Karin rolls over, wrapping bod in bed sheets. Mazzo circles:

JUDE

What do you want from me?

KARIN

Just a little fun.

JUDE

Why didn't you call the Vice Department?

KARIN

(insulted)

What kind of girl do you think I am?

CONTINUED

42 CONT'D.

Jude withdraws a stapled stack of phone bills from vest pocket, displays them:

JUDE

Your phone calls this year. You know these people? 244-4832? Huh?

KARIN

They're friends.

JUDE

They're terrorists--suspected terrorists, or sympathizers.

KARIN

I don't care about politics.

JUDE

They're criminals. Murderers.

Karin leans back.

JUDE

Did you really think you were going to get away with it?

She shifts onto side, revealing bare breast, aroused aureola, nipple. Soothing strip of naked skin runs length of Karin's body, over hill, over dale. She turns to Jude with o-so brutal bedroom eyes:

KARIN

What are you going to do with me now that you found me, Mr. Attorney? Torture me? Just a little?

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

43 INT. JUSTICE DEPT. RECEPTION HALL DAY

TV lights harshly illuminate the Grand Reception Hall: a press conference is underway. Deco room is dominated by WPA aluminum statues, one on either side of stage. Semi-circular 12-foot figures, male and female, symbolize "The Spirit of Justice" (female) and "The Majesty of the Law" (male).

On stage, Jude Mazzo stands out in a line of look-alike bureaucrats. The more inconspicuous he tries to appear, the more conspicuous he is. He's the star here and knows it.

43 CONT'D.

Press listens patiently as ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAM GABRIEL reads prepared remarks. Gabriel, 60, bald, counter-points jutting jaw with sympathetic expression. ASSISTANT A.G., 40ish, button-down career type, stands beside him.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Just as the early years of this century demanded a new law enforcement bureau, the FBI, so these difficult times require a new, independent anti-terrorist agency, NATA, which will coordinate efforts of the Justice and State Departments, Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, FBI, CIA, NSC and agencies of friendly governments...

TIMECUT. Jude, at podium, concludes statement with "Thank you."

Press jumps to life. Questions fly. Here's a man to their liking. Here's a man who can sell newspapers.

Jude is at ease, confident. He mixes sincerity with affability--the mark of a political star. We hear, in JUMP CUTS, his answers:

JUDE

There may be some inter-agency friction at first--even "rivalry" as you suggest. NATA isn't the problem, it's the answer.

(jump cut)

My father was a proud man, not wealthy but proud. It hurt him so much to hear and read the things people said about Italian-Americans. He wanted his son to be a lawyer so others wouldn't think we were gangsters, so others would know we loved America too.

(jump cut)

My "high profile"? I'm glad you asked that--again. I've always felt law enforcement is meant to be high profile. The United States shouldn't hide from terrorists--they don't respect cowardice or vacillation. Terrorists know who I am and where to find me. If you want to call that high profile--well, go ahead. I have no desire to be high profile for myself. My goal is to become unknown. The better I do my job the sooner I'll be unknown. In five years I plan to be a trivia question.

Reporters laugh. Others, younger, watch enraptured.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. NATA HEADQUARTERS DAY

West Washington is Capitol's current architectural showcase. Post-modern structures stand shoulder to shoulder along M Street from 24th to 22nd. Similiar buildings--replete with arches and domes--dot surrounding streets.

NATA headquarters occupies three-story townhouse near 24th and M. Its facade has been restyled to match neighborhood. No identifying sign or plaque. Only a concrete curbside barrier indicates nature of building. Uniformed officer in doorway.

CUT TO:

45 INT. NATA CORRIDOR DAY

Inside, townhouse is maze of renovation. Building has been gutted and redesigned, custom-fitted with latest law enforcement technology.

Workmen paint unfinished trim as Director Mazzo leads phalanx of subordinates down corridor. The new staffers, young, unflappable, radiate self-confidence. Jude has chosen the best and brightest. Milton and Alan, Executive Assistant from scene 17, follow him.

They wear laminated identification tags around necks. All federal employees and visitors must display color-coded tags indicating their department and security status. Jude, Milt and Alan pass through metal detector as guard glances at their tags.

Additional staffers stand outside conference room as Jude and others enter, exchange greetings.

CUT TO:

46 INT. NATA CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

Assigned representatives from various law enforcement agencies sit at lined rows of tables. Name cards identify each: State Dept, Defense Dept, Joint Chiefs, FBI, IG/T, NSC, various state and local police. NATA staffers occupy chairs behind them.

Vacant folding table faces the others. NATA seal hangs behind table. Room is quiet, as if gossip were a security breach.

Then, suddenly, Jude strides through, laughing and talking. Everyone rises. Jude calls out:

CONTINUED

46 CONT'D.

JUDE

Sit down, please! And loosen up!
It feels like goddman Bulgaria in here.

They chuckle, comply. Jude takes a beat, says as he sits:

JUDE

Just remember to loosen up real
tight.

Laughter. Mazzo unfolds prepared remarks as he surveys room.
He's seen from many points of view, some quick, some in motion:

JUDE

I wanted to bring all the agencies
and departments together if only
for this first meeting. We're all
now part of NATA.

(speaks from notes)

I'm not a politician but I've been
put in charge of a political agency.
That's different from my old job of
prosecuting criminals. Isn't it
significant to you that this administration
choose a man like me at a time like this
to direct so sensitive an agency? Consider
the reasons they singled me out. Let's
glance at criminal acts and political
acts. The simple basic truth is there
is no distinction at all today--they're
alike, the activist and the criminal.

(passionate)

Here's a rule and you better start to
memorize it! In every criminal there
is a subversive and in every subversive
there is a criminal! No wonder we find
terrorists so often involved in crimes
like kidnapping and robbery. The
difference between those who rob banks
and those spreading terror is too small
to be taken into account. They have the
same objective, the criminal and the
terrorist, even though they use different
means: they want to overturn our present
social order, our way of life! The Law
shall prevail against upheaval. The Law
is permanent and timeless, like sculpture,
like a temple.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

46 CONT'D.

JUDE contd

(turns page)

They call this "The Age of Terrorism"-- and it's easy to see why. Governments cower as their leaders wheel and deal with criminals. Nations are held hostage by thugs and vandals. Cowardice is called diplomacy. The Law is mocked. Justice walks the streets like a whore. And what do we do? We defenders of the Law? We watch in disarray, play politics, blame each other.

(emphatic)

No more. Remember this day. It marks the end of the Age of Terrorism. The Law will be redeemed!

(stands)

The Law is the answer! America is back!

Others burst into spontaneous applause as they rise.

CUT TO:

47 INT. NATA COMPUTER CENTER DAY

Mazzo and VICTOR, 30, NATA archivist, enter micro-chip brain bank center. They pass high-tech cubicles, each with computer terminal. The room's almost ready. A few employees are already on the job. Across room, electricians rewire switch box.

All rows lead to "supercomputer" with four bug-eye screens. They approach as COMPUTER TECHNICIAN programs console. Victor, all business, speaks with deceptive drawl:

VICTOR

Each terminal feeds into the super-computer, we call it "Big Moma," which connects to NCIC at FBI and select access at Langley. NCIC alone can handle 400,000 requests a day. Cross-filed information on every organization in the world. Every felon, every taxpayer. Every time anybody ever plugged into the system--it's all here. Completely legal, too--with memory hide just in case.

Technician steps away as Jude examines supercomputer:

JUDE

How is it cross-filed?

CONTINUED

47 CONT'D.

VICTOR

For the core group we index everything: political hist, psych pro, explosives, sex, money, travel, friends, hairstyle--you name it. I can give you a list of all known radicals with bowel problems. You'd be surprised how many there are.

JUDE

They say information is power.

VICTOR

Then you've got a lot of it.

JUDE

This is the real revolution, eh?
Can I give this thing a whirl?

VICTOR

It's a little tricky, Director.

Vic sits, activates quad screens:

VICTOR

What's your pleasure?

JUDE

(pacing)

Let's try the Schreiber case.
First name Karin. Born 7-22-63.
Murder. Motive was political.
M Street--

VICTOR

(punching keyboard)

Address?

JUDE

2085. Apartment 5C.

Victor enters data at wiz kid speed. Lower monitor flashes with facts.

VICTOR

Let's start there. Known political contacts. Occupant history of building.

Jude watches as info fills second screen:

JUDE

Any luck?

47 CONT'D.

VICTOR

Who is this girl? Looks like she banged every Red group in Europe-- plus a couple I never heard of. You want this on screen or should I print it out?

JUDE

Print it out.

Victor flicks switch. Mazzo reads from printer as it rat-tat-tats toilet roll of data re Schreiber.

VICTOR

There's probably some fabrication. Realized she was under surveillance. God knows how much time we spend filing disinformation. Okay, here we go. Schreiber contact, anarchist, now resident 2085 M Street.

JUDE

Were they lovers?

VICTOR

Not here.

JUDE

Let's see him.

VICTOR

No color.

JUDE

Black and white's fine.

Vic reads screen aloud as picture rises from photofax. Enlarged snapshot shows young Ria Maled amid protestors, his face circled.

VICTOR

Born Torino, 9-11-64. Most this from Interpol. Red Brigades. Four arrests in Italy, one Germany. No convictions. Been quiet last couple years.

Jude rips photo fresh from machine. CLOSE-UP of Ria.

JUDE

Do we have a tap on his phone?

CONTINUED

47 CONT'D.

VICTOR
(checks)
Since 1985.

Mazzo scrunches up his face with hand:

JUDE
Look at that face! A real killer's
face! I'll see to it the bastard
gets put away.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. JUSTICE DEPT. DAY

Out-of-context legend "Framed Through Mutual Confidence"
engraved high on east facade.

CUT TO:

49 INT. JUSTICE DEPT. DAY

A mural tribute to the common man surrounds deco entrance:
"Office of the Attorney General." A cleric passes. VOICES
from within.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE DAY

Attorney General Gabriel warmly greets Jude at his desk.
WPA decor is discretely carried over into office.

Assistant A.G. stands beside bookshelves. Gabriel dismisses
him with flick of eye. Assistant exits with lacky alacrity.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
So, Jude? Satisfied?

Mazzo sits straight in Eileen Gray chair. Jude's tone varies,
at times impassioned, other times hurt, coy, ingratiating--
but always calculated:

JUDE
Fine. Though sometimes I think I'm
being set up, you know, the scapegoat
for all this inter-agency feuding. I
wouldn't want a scandal. I know the
President views this seriously--

ATTORNEY GENERAL
(wisecracks)
The President views movies seriously.

50 CONT'D.

JUDE

What I really need is a great many more permanent members at my disposal--perhaps a hundred. The country is frightened. And more funding so we could pay our informers better.

Gabriel paces, examines object d'art, returns to seat:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

I'll bring it up.

JUDE

And what I would like, really like...
(hesitates)

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Go on.

JUDE

...really like maybe three apartments in various capitals, in quiet neighborhoods, practical, my informants could be there and establish the kind of relationship that is more...confidential than it is now. Terrorists have state sponsors, more resources--

ATTORNEY GENERAL

It's not that bad. You act like they blew up your office.

JUDE

I'd rather act than react, sir.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(stung)

You can have your apartments. But, officially, my office must know nothing.

JUDE

My staff has prepared a list of another 200 suspicious persons and taps must really go on their phones. Now I don't know how the Department okays this. Must I make an official request or what?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Taken care of.

(looks up)

Anything else?

CONTINUED

50 CONT'D.

JUDE

Oh yes, there's that extraordinary killer they're trying to find.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

The Schreiber case.

JUDE

Mrs. Karin Schreiber.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Beautiful woman. I've seen her photograph.

JUDE

(sheepish)

Well, I, ah, used to know her. In fact she and I had...a little...affair.

Gabriel smiles, impressed:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Not bad.

(lascivious)

How was she? Good?

JUDE

(awkward)

Well...not bad...

(hesitates)

Well, I wanted to know if I should inform the agents who are on it. I don't know, I really don't.

Gabriel stands without comment, terminates meeting:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(pleasant)

Good day.

JUDE

Is that all?

Attorney Gabriel escorts Mazzo to door like proud father:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

That's it.

(shakes Jude's hand)

They're all watching you, Jude. You've made quite an impression. You've got the press like this:

(cups hand)

There's one thing I don't understand. Why do you think people like you so?

50 CONT'D.

Jude answers without hesitation, as if stating a simple fact:

JUDE
(ingenuous)
I make 'em feel good.

Gabriel nods, walks toward desk, turning to Jude as Mazzo exits:

ATTORNEY GENERAL
The husband. It must be him.

CUT TO:

51 INT. JUDE'S JUSTICE DEPT. OFFICE DAY

Lt. Weiss watches as Mazzo packs memorabilia in Bekins box: ceremonial paperweight, photos, etc. His office is half-empty, stripped of non-institutional furnishings. Jude's moving to NATA.

LT. WEISS
Sure I can't help, Director?

JUDE
Almost done. First rule of public service: pack quick. I'll be at NATA tomorrow. You started to brief me on the Schreiber case--I hate to see my last case unsolved. It's like leaving dirty laundry--Milt shoulda been here by now.

LT. WEISS
You know there's this jurisdictional thing between us and FBI. Day to day, D.C. gets nothing from the Bureau. But come a sexy case and they're all over us, pulling rank, taking credit. I'm sick of it.

JUDE
Too bad you couldn't come with me to NATA.

LT. WEISS
Huh?

JUDE
I wanted you.

LT. WEISS
You know I--

51 CONT'D.

JUDE

It was just that damn N.C. urine test. Winston-Salem, 1979, with minute traces of you-know-what--and it's not just me who knows.

LT. WEISS

(panic)

It was a college thing, honest. They said it was off the books. I know it was--

JUDE

Don't worry. It's under control. I'll just bring you in later.

LT. WEISS

Believe me--

JUDE

I do. Don't apologize.

(looks up)

Here's Milton.

(to Milt)

Where were you? Lt. Weiss was bringing me up to date on Schreiber.

MILTON

(nods to Weiss)

I've already heard.

Lt. Weiss recites report:

LT. WEISS

Looks like you were right on the husband. We tracked him, then Gideon pulled rank, took him to FBI. I hear he's babbling like a brook. Guess what? The lab crew turned up a pale blue thread from under the victim's fingernail. A single strand. It must come from the killer's tie.

JUDE

His tie?

MILTON

Yeah, his tie.

JUDE

(scornful)

First you told me the killer was nude, in the sex act, now he's humping nude with a blue tie on--right?

CONTINUED

51 CONT'D.

Weiss and Milton, chagrined, exchange exculpatory glances.

LT. WEISS
We're waiting for the thread
analysis. And there are the
fingerprints, of course. They're
at FBI too. There's nothing solid
there. Only yours.

JUDE
Only mine!

CUT TO:

52 EXT. FBI BUILDING AFTERNOON

Amber-lit in brutal majesty. FEMALE VOICE heard from
within:

FINGERPRINT ANALYST (O.S.)
...surprisingly little considering
the circumstances. The victim's
prints, those of the cleaning woman,
irretrievable grease-marks...
(MORE)

CUT TO:

53 INT. LATENT FINGERPRINT ANALYSIS UNIT AFTERNOON

CLOSE-UP: back-lit slides of fingerprints taken from crime
scene. Uninflected VOICE continues:

F'PRINT ANALYST (O.S.) contd
...perhaps the killer cleaned up,
perhaps he wore gloves--

JUDE
He?

Mazzo, Gideon, Milton and Weiss flank Bryn Mawrish FBI
FINGERPRINT ANALYST, 26. Male colleagues work nearby.
LFAU lab is immaculate.

DECT. GIDEON
Judging from wound and bruises,
assailant is male, well-built,
perhaps short in stature.

Description fits Jude.

CONTINUED

53 CONT'D.

F'PRINT ANALYST
(points)
These are Director Mazzo's.

Lt. Weiss leans to examine slides:

LT. WEISS
Here's the shower faucet--you
turned it on. The refrigerator
handle. Several from a drinking glass.

MILTON
(unctuous)
You had a drink of water, remember,
Director? You weren't feeling well.

Dect. Gideon watches as Weiss and Milton vie to rationalize
Jude's fingerprints.

LT. WEISS
(describing slide)
The telephone--

MILTON
You made a call. I saw you.

LT. WEISS
The tape deck. You played that.
(to Gideon)
What about the thread? From the tie?

Gideon takes moment to answer:

DECT. GIDEON
At Fiber Analysis. They say
it may be unique, even traceable--
a long shot. Sky blue, silk--
(to Jude)
I seem to remember you were wearing
a tie like that the day of the murder.
A coincidence, but do you remember
by any chance where you bought it?

Gideon stares at Jude: his tone's innocent but his eyes are
ice. Milton shifts uncomfortably; Weiss coughs. Jude,
oblivious, wrinkles brow:

JUDE
Boy, I can't..., I'll have to check
the label...

CONTINUED

53 CONT'D.

MILTON

It's all moot anyway. The husband's gonna confess. I hear it's just a matter of time. Just like you thought, a crime of passion.

LT. WEISS

(to Gideon)

What a disappointment for the FBI.

DECT. GIDEON

(to Weiss)

A tribute to superior police work.

JUDE

Where is he?

CUT TO:

54 INT. FBI CORRIDOR

AFTERNOON

Interrogation is heard OFF SCREEN as Jude walks through concrete passageway, turns corner. Gideon, Milton and Weiss follow.

CUT TO:

55 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/INTERROGATION ROOM

AFTERNOON

Mazzo enters tiny OBSERVATION ROOM, stands before one-way mirror. FBI TYPES step back as Milt and Weiss squeeze behind Jude.

Framed in Interrogation Room mirror, TWO FBI INTERROGATORS grill GEORGES SCHREIBER, 42, Karin's ex-husband--survivor of three revolutions: sexual, political, drug. He lost all three

Gideon bypasses Observation Room, enters INTERROGATION ROOM where Georges sits slumped in lone chair. Jude and others watch through mirror as Interrogators harrangue Georges:

FBI INTERROGATOR #1

Why didn't you divorce your wife?

FBI INTERROGATOR #2

Let's be blunt. Why mince words? Weren't you a practicing homosexual at the time you separated from Mrs. Schreiber?

FBI INTERROGATOR #1

You faggot!

CONTINUED

55 CONT'D.

FBI INTERROGATOR #2
Didn't she catch you taking her money
to buy little boys on P Street?

Interrogators nod to Gideon as he joins them. Georges protests:

GEORGES
It wasn't like that. Don't put
it like that. I loved her. I
really did.

FBI INTERROGATOR #1
(circling)
Is that so?

DECT. GIDEON
Make up your mind. You might as
well. We know everything about you.

Inside OBSERVATION ROOM, Weiss and others watch interrogation
like it's a play. Milton whispers to Jude:

MILTON
He's trying to get sympathy. He
won't last long.

Back in INTERROGATION ROOM:

DECT. GIDEON
Okay, Georges, you're an artist, a
decorator, a sensitive person. We'll
try to help you. Just tell us the
whole story. Slowly, calmly. Start
with the morning your wife Karin was
killed.

GEORGES
I already told you.

DECT. GIDEON
Tell us again.

GEORGES
I had picked up my car. I was back
on the Beltway. You couldn't get
where you were going. Traffic was
backed up, at a standstill--

In OBSERVATION ROOM, man comments:

FBI TYPE
That's the truth.

55 CONT'D.

In INTERROGATION ROOM, Georges continues:

GEORGES
--millions of cars. Everyone
honking their horns.

Interrogator #1 snorts with disgust; #2 chuckles: Georges plaintively pans from one to other.

GEORGES
I'm answering everything you ask.
I'm telling you everything. Honest.

DECT. GIDEON
(tough)
Hah! Not quite everything. No,
you haven't talked at all about
everything.
(grabs Georges' hair)
For example, you haven't talked about
how you used your wife to push your
career until she refused. You didn't
tell us that, a friend of yours told
us...

OBSERVATION ROOM. Mazzo watches as Karin introduces
flashback:

KARIN (V.O.)
I've got a way to wake you
up...
(MORE)

CUT TO:

56 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK

Nine months before. Jude, wearing white dress shirt and jockey shorts, snores face-up on sheets. Karin, in negligee, bends over him, shakes Jude's shoulders.

KARIN contd
...Third degree me. Get up, do
something. Don't sleep.

JUDE
Leave me alone.

CONTINUED

56 CONT'D.

KARIN

Com'on, I like it when you question me. You're so suspicious of me--it reminds me of my father. Com'on, third degree me. Interrogate me.

Mazzo bolts up as Karin pushes something under his nose. He stands, yanks her off bed:

JUDE

Alright, first get off the bed. Off the bed! Now get down on your knees!

(pushes her to floor)

Straighten up! Straight!

Jude steps to bureau, lights cigarette, sits with detached cool of experienced interrogator. Karin giggles:

KARIN

The silent treatment, right? That comes first to scare them.

JUDE

Straighten up.

She does. Mazzo walks over, circles her closely, looking askance like a Caesar:

JUDE

Now imagine the terrible hours ahead of you. The cruel questions, the constant tricks, the threats. Everything. Try to recall the most shameful, the dirtiest things you ever did. Think about the fact that I will discover all these secrets because the government offers me the means to strip you down to anything I want.

(slaps her)

Straighten up! You begin to think of all the hidden sins you've committed. Your guilt complex takes over.

KARIN

(girlish)

That's not frightening. Third degree me. Be my terrorist.

Jude cradles her face in his hands:

JUDE

You want me to interrogate you? To frighten you?

56 CONT'D.

Karin nods grinning. He sharply twists her ear; she howls.

JUDE

Talk, talk! Tell me your most shameful secrets. Confess everything, the little sins you commit everyday. Then I'll forgive you and protect you.

KARIN

(excited)

You treat them like babies.

JUDE

Everyone becomes a child again when confronted by official authority. By the power that belongs to the police.

(slaps her)

Sit up straight!

(slaps her again)

Listen. Don't move. The Law. All laws, conscious and unconscious laws, make the accused become like a child.

(demented)

The accuser becomes the father, the perfect father that cannot be attacked, that must be pleased at any price!

(contorts expression)

My face starts to be God's face to you! It's a game staged to touch off your deepest fears.

Mazzo glances at Karin's now anxious face. He picks bouquet of dried flowers from wastebasket, speaks in soothing tones:

JUDE

Hey, don't look so worried.

(sits alongside)

I'm trying to explain this whole mentality because you can't see that it's the basis, the whole foundation of official authority. Professors, doctors, heads of political parties, even ticket takers.

KARIN

You're much more like a child than any father, believe me, you're--

Jude muzzles Karin with dead bouquet mid-sentence, pushes her prone to floor:

CONTINUED

56 CONT'D.

JUDE

You shouldn't have said that.
The others are children. Here...

Jude arranges flowers around her face, says playfully:

JUDE

...Now I'll show you how we found
that whore in the medical office!

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

57 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM AFTERNOON

Five sweaty Interrogators surround Georges. INTERROGATOR #3, apprentice addition, wipes foggy glasses on sleeve. Georges Schreiber, dehydrated, maintains innocence:

GEORGES

--I just told you--

FBI INTERROGATOR #2

(hostile)

When you gonna give up that
phoney traffic jam story?

FBI INTERROGATOR #1

Fag bullshit.

GEORGES

Please, I told you...

Interrogation's getting nowhere. Gideon backs FBI boys off:

DECT. GIDEON

Okay, okay, wait, wait. Let's leave
Mr. Schreiber alone for awhile. All
by yourself. That way you can decide
what you should do. What the truth is.
The rest of you, step out with me.

Interrogators leave with Gideon.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INTERROGATION CORRIDOR AFTERNOON

Jude exits Observation Room, joins as Gideon calms
Interrogators:

DECT. GIDEON

It's alright, take a break...

CUT TO:

58 CONT'D.

JUDE
(to Gideon)
You yell so loud. Why do you
guys yell so loud?

DECT. GIDEON
(frustrated)
I yell so loud because I learned
from you. Okay?

Mazzo doesn't answer, walks into Interrogation Room. Gideon
waits till Jude's gone:

DECT. GIDEON
Why doesn't he mind his own business?
He's got his own agency now.

FBI INTERROGATOR #1
He likes to interfere.

DECT. GIDEON
Let him try.

CUT TO:

59 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM AFTERNOON
Georges, hunched over, turns as Jude squats beside chair.
Mazzo offers cigarette:

JUDE
A cliche--take it anyway.
(Georges does)
You decorated Ambassador Arburg's
house, right? In Arlington?

Georges acknowledges as Jude lights trembling cigarette.

JUDE
I thought so. All moderne--
in a contemporary way.
(Georges flattered)
Mr. Schreiber, when was the last
time you saw your wife?

GEORGES
Two weeks prior to the murder.
But I was in touch cause I was
being threatened. This man. Somebody;
who called.

JUDE
Who was he?

59 CONT'D.

GEORGES

I don't know. Anonymous phone calls.
He called me late once, twice. He
had the tone of someone who commands
others.

JUDE

Why did they do it?

GEORGES

They had fun making me suffer.
Humiliating me. I'm so confused.
Maybe I did kill her.

JUDE

What did he threaten you with?
This unknown caller?

GEORGES

He would say to me, "I'm gonna tell the
cops today you're a transvestite." I
think he's someone important Karin knew.
An army man maybe, I don't know. Or, or
a politician. Some people said she was a
terrorist sympathizer but she liked any
man with lots of power.

JUDE

The name. Tell me what the name is.

GEORGES

I don't know. If I did, I wouldn't
be here. That man's the murderer.

JUDE

(face to face)

So you never knew his name? Right?

GEORGES

No. The man never told it.

Jude offers his hand. Georges takes it, stands.

JUDE

You'll be getting out. Don't
worry at all about it.

GEORGES

(confused)

Thanks.

Jude walks out.

CUT TO:

60 INT. INTERROGATION HALLWAY AFTERNOON

Gideon and FBI Interrogators meet Jude outside door.

DECT. GIDEON
Well?

JUDE
(effeminate)
The poor boy is innocent.

They all laugh.

DECT. GIDEON
You don't mean that?

JUDE
I promise you he's innocent.

Others watch as he walks off.

CUT TO:

* 61 EXT. NATA HDQTS NIGHT

Only a few lights dot the nocturnal complex.

Jude Mazzo's office window shines particularly bright.
The others have gone appropriately home.

CUT TO:

62 INT. JUDE'S NATA OFFICE NIGHT

Jude listens to cheap tape cassette player as he does sit-ups.
He's alone with moment of truth:

JUDE'S VOICE
"At 10 a.m., May 7, I entered the
apartment of Karin Schreiber and
killed her. Her murder was premeditated..."

JUDE
(overlapping)
...meditated...

JUDE'S VOICE
"...There is only one extenuating
circumstance."

TIMECUT. Later. Jude, in black suit and tie, sits at desk.
Cassette player continues:

JUDE'S VOICE
"The victim systematically..."

62 CONT'D.

JUDE/JUDE'S VOICE
...made a laughing-stock of me.

JUDE'S VOICE
"...I left clues everywhere not
purposely to sidetrack the investigation..."

Jude cuts off tape, continues confession from memory, his
arms swinging:

JUDE
...Not purposely to sidetrack the
investigation but to prove the
case. To prove the case.

Jude restarts cassette:

JUDE'S VOICE
"I left clues everywhere, not
purposely to sidetrack the investigation,
but to prove the case. To prove the case."

JUDE
To prove the case. To prove the case.

Mazzo rewinds, restarts recording:

JUDE'S VOICE
"To prove the case. To prove the
case. The case that I am a man
completely above suspicion."

Jude rewinds, echos confession from memory, his arms swinging:

JUDE/JUDE'S VOICE
...that I am a man completely
above suspicion.

JUDE'S VOICE
"...It was an idea that took
control of me. There were..."

JUDE/JUDE'S VOICE
(tape pause)
...extenuating circumstances.

CUT TO:

63 EXT.

L'ENFANT PLAZA

LATE NIGHT

Mazzo, clutching bulky 8x14 envelope, walks briskly across
L'Enfant Plaza in south Washington. Square red granite
structures enclose sterile courtyard. I.M. Pei's International
Style complex is empty by night, eerie as Ozymandias.

CONTINUED

63 CONT'D.

Jude passes fountain lit by yellow globes, stops outside Postal Service West Building; he places stamped/addressed envelope in mail box, enters deluxe L'Enfant Plaza Hotel.

CUT TO:

64 INT. L'ENFANT HOTEL LOBBY LATE NIGHT

Jude dials from phone cubicle in deserted ostentatious "concourse." He hovers over receiver, places handkerchief to mouth as call RINGS in earpiece. Sam Zegner, hotshot reporter from scene 30, answers sleepily:

SAM (O.S.)

Yes?

JUDE

(disguises voice)

Sam Zegner? Crime desk?

SAM (O.S.)

Yeah, who's this?

JUDE

I can't tell you who this is.
They've got my phone tapped.

SAM (O.S.)

Is this a joke or what?

JUDE

Listen. D.C. Homicide will tomorrow receive an envelope containing the necklace of the murdered woman Karin Schreiber, the killer's razor blade. That rules out the husband.

SAM (O.S.)

Why are you trying to disguise your voice? I recognized you right away.

Jude quickly hangs up, heart pounding, face flushed.

CUT TO:

65 INT. COMPUTER CENTER DAY

NATA's nerve center is fully operational. Rows of isolated young men and women work silently in computer cubicles. Some replay wiretap tapes on headphones; others enter data, take notes.

Jude and Alan check out cubicles as they stride toward supercomputer. Pretty programmer in Fair Isle sweater glances at Jude flirtatiously, returns to monitor. Victor and Computer Technician work at Big Moma console.

CONTINUED

65 CONT'D.

JUDE

(to Alan)

...if the government doesn't attack terrorism, pornography, drugs, who will? The Civil Liberties Union? The press? The ASPCA? Of course we have personal rights--society has greater rights! Society has the right to defend itself by whatever means necessary. Whatever means necessary.

Mazzo interrupts Victor:

JUDE

The new taps should be in--huh, Victor?

VICTOR

About half, Director, but please, don't take on more taps without additional staff. We're backlogged. We just label and file most of them. Look--

Vic punches out successive screens of coded info: phone numbers, initials, dates, etc.

VICTOR

These are just the current taps. There's a million hours in storage, known but to God. We pulled and collated the Ria Maled taps you wanted. About 30 hours. The most recent two days ago. They're in your office. Great office, by the way, Director.

VOICE calls "Director Mazzo." Jude turns as Lt. Weiss approaches, tabloid in hand. Avery Milton follows at distance. Weiss catches his breath:

LT. WEISS

The killer went to the press. They were tipped before we got the evidence--

MILTON

(enthused)

The reporter's home phone was on your tap list. Can you believe such luck? They're locating it now.

Jude just nods, walks away.

CUT TO:

66 INT. JUDE'S NATA OFFICE DAY

Mazzo's new office is even hipper than last: Casa Vogue wall to wall. Memphis chair, painted D.C. map, framed photos and faded pennant are integrated into Neo-Classical decor. One wall's inexplicably baren.

Jude examines log as phone wiretap plays on cassette deck. Weiss and Milton, standing, listen to Ria Maled speak bad audio with young Hispanic later known as Tomas:

TOMAS (O.S.)

Ria, where have you been? I've been trying to reach you.

RIA (O.S.)

I was at police headquarters all morning. They were questioning me about Karin's murder.

TOMAS (O.S.)

Did they know anything?

RIA (O.S.)

No, they were questioning all the residents of the building.

TOMAS (O.S.)

Not even that you'd slept with her?

RIA (O.S.)

Shut up! Don't you know my phone's bugged?--and now that I'm on the point, I'd like to speak to the cops that are listening. One cop in particular. Comrade Officer, you have the disgusting job of spying on Third World liberation--which you call "terrorism." Give up! You're doomed to fail--

JUDE

(rising)

Enough! Shut it off!

Milton cuts off tape. Jude looks out window as Karin's VOICE segues to flashback:

KARIN (V.O.)

(cruel)

You're disgusting. Will you throw away that undershirt?...

(MORE)

CUT TO:

67 INT.

KARIN'S BEDROOM

DAY

FLASHBACK

Nine months before. Karin, nearly naked, belittles Jude as she applies mascara. He buttons white shirt over undershirt, pulls on black nylon socks. His shirt's worn from repeated washings.

KARIN contd

...Everything you wear is impossible. Don't worry, I won't tell your mother. And change that shirt. You look like a head waiter. And those little black socks you wear like a priest. Or like what you really are, a policeman. Don't you have a suit with style? A bit brighter? With some life to it?

Mazzo hides behind hard expression:

JUDE
(curt)

No.

KARIN

People cross the street when they see you coming because they can tell you're a cop. You police stink of barracks, jails, courtrooms. Priests at least smell like incense. They ought to pass out a deodorant to the police and teach them to use it.

Karin crosses room as Jude knots cheap black tie. She picks up scissors, approaches Jude, cuts his tie slowly. Once, then twice. She kisses his blank face, walks to mirror. Mazzo waits to speak:

JUDE
I could kill you. With my
own two hands.KARIN
(combing hair)
Who'd catch you? You'd control
the investigation.END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

68 INT. JUDE'S NATA OFFICE DAY

Same day as previous office scene. Mazzo, Milton, Weiss and Alan listen to wiretap conversation. Jude's muffled phone voice speaks from L'Enfant lobby:

JUDE (O.S.)
...an envelope containing the
necklace of the murdered woman
Karin Schreiber...

Weiss turns to others:

LT. WEISS
Listen. Who does this remind
you of?

JUDE
Sam Zegner?

LT. WEISS
Yes, but the other?

JUDE
(shrugs)
Where's the envelope he's
talking about?

MILTON
FBI.

LT. WEISS
Gideon pulled rank. They were
all over us after the story hit.

JUDE
That's it either way. That proves
the husband's innocent.

MILTON
Just like you said. He'll be
released.

LT. WEISS
(shakes head)
Gideon won't do it. He says
he's in charge of the case and he's
holding him and that's that.

JUDE
The man is innocent.
(walks away)
Petty bureaucrat.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. NATA HDQRS EVENING

Mazzo waves off Alan:

 JUDE
 ...didn't need security before,
 don't need it now!
 (jocular)
 Wouldn't I be a hell of a hostage?

- * Jude laughs heads for assigned space where Beretta sits washed and polished. Sam Zegner, lying in wait, intercepts Mazzo.
- * They inch toward Jude's metallic coupe.

 JUDE
 Sam, what--?

 SAM
 Did you read my story on the
 Schreiber necklace?
 (Jude nods)
 What should I tell him?

 JUDE
 Tell who?

 SAM
 Detective Gideon at the FBI.

 JUDE
 Tell him about what?

 SAM
 He wants me to tell him who tipped
 me about the envelope. You understand.

 JUDE
 Why are you asking me?

 SAM
 You made that phone call.

 JUDE
 Don't be stupid. How could I call
 before the package even arrived?

 SAM
 But you made the call!

- * Jude stops beside Beretta, flares back at young reporter:

 JUDE
 Don't you ever say a thing like
 that! That I call you! I never
 call you!

CONTINUED

69 CONT'D.

SAM
(vacillates)
But--

JUDE
(opens door)
I do favors for you, you know.
So you just watch out.

Sam retreats as Director Mazzo sits in coupe, slams door, starts engine. Zegner's mind reels with rationalizations as Jude drives down 24th. File this "Forgotten."

CUT TO:

70 INT. BERETTA EVENING

Jude sits behind wheel in cold sweat, suddenly frightened. He regulates his breathing: in-out, in-out, calming down. Is Jude's cool his cover? Or his turn-on?

Karin's hand flashes before his face as TRAFFIC NOISE dissolves to flashback.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVE. DAY

FLASHBACK

Six months before. Jude's MOVING POV through Beretta windshield: Karin's hand pulls away, revealing thoroughfare running dead-end to Rotunda Dome. Pennsylvania Avenue, nation's #1 drag strip, stretches from White House to Capitol Hill. Rod Stewart sings over dashboard speakers: "Do You Think I'm Sexy?"

Mazzo wearing wraparound sunglasses, glances from side mirror to rearview to windshield. He breaks for red light. Black TRAFFIC OFFICER in white uniform watches intersection from far curb.

Karin leans to lightly kiss Jude, whispers teasingly:

KARIN
Go ahead. Go ahead, run it. You
can do it...

JUDE
(overlapping)
I don't need to run a red light...

CONTINUED

71 CONT'D.

KARIN

(overlapping)

...I don't ask about your dirty investigations, you don't ask about my politics. Everything else is fair. Go on. Let's see who wins...

JUDE

(overlapping)

...so, you want me to break the law? Right...?

KARIN

(overlapping)

...Let's see who can dance closest to the flame. You can do it. Try it. You can do anything--

JUDE

(blustery)

Alright, I'll do it. I'm doing it!

* Karin laughs as Mazzo accelerates through busy intersection. Suddenly, a GERIATRIC with a walker steps into their path. Jude prepares to break; Karin, instead, swerves the wheel wildly, hits horn and curses. The Geriatric freezes, befuddled. TRAFFIC OFFICER waves them to the curb.

KARIN

Here comes the traffic cop. Just show him your little card. You're important to our security. Show him.

JUDE

Sure, sure.

Traffic Officer stops at window, eyes Jude and Karin:

TRAFFIC OFFICER

(brusque)

Driver's license and registration.

JUDE

(displays ID)

U.S. Attorney.

(a beat)

Let's have it back.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Director Mazzo.

(steps back)

Sorry sir.

CONTINUED

71 CONT'D.

Mazzo pockets ID wallet, drives away. He smirks as Traffic Officer recedes in rearview mirror.

KARIN

You could commit any crime, you know. You really could.

CUT TO:

72 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

* Six months before. Jude stands against Social Realist painting of couple in coitus, undressing as Michael Jackson et. al. sing "We Are the World" on stereo. Mazzo, chic in contoured suit, looks directly into camera as he unbuttons shirt. His figure's trim, his hair styled: the Jude transformation is complete.

Karin, propped up by wrinkled pillows, watches nude as she mouths words to song: "...we are the children, we are the ones who make a brighter day..." Twisted sheets variously reveal/conceal her full body tan.

Mazzo removes his trousers and undershorts, climbs across bed toward Karin.

Doorbell RINGS as Jude slithers belly to belly.

Karin quickly gets up, pulls on negligee.

JUDE

Don't answer.

Karin takes his hand, tugs him off bed. Jude, frightened, turns to hide his erection, cups genitals.

KARIN

(urgent)

Hide.

JUDE

(panic)

I can't be seen here.

Karin strongarms Jude toward large louvered closet. He reaches down to scoop up his trousers en route, fails.

KARIN

In here. Quick. I'm expecting an express package. I don't want to miss it. It'll just be a second.

CONTINUED

72 CONT'D.

JUDE
Really, Karin...

She opens closet door, presses reluctant Director Mazzo inside. Jude squats naked between hanging dresses and high heels. Beside him, a jumble of dirty laundry and discarded paperbacks.

Karin closes door with shushing gesture. Jude watches through slats as Karin turns off stereo, goes to front door. Bell RINGS again.

Schreiber peers across chain latch, smiles as she unlocks, opens door for Ria, wearing bright patterned shirt and painter's pants. They embrace as she locks door.

KARIN
Don't say a word.

RIA
What's wrong--?

KARIN
That's two. One more and you're gone for good--and I'm not a memory men forget easy. I leave scars.

Karin unsnaps Ria's pants. He opens his mouth to speak, stops, agape.

KARIN
Don't even groan.

Karin helps Maled unbutton his shirt as they approach bed. She reaches in his pants holds his stiffening prick.

KARIN
It's like a hot steel pipe.

Ria bends to untie shoes. Karin sets him on bed, stretches him out, pulls down his pants.

KARIN
Leave the shoes on.

Karin positions herself atop Ria so that she directly faces Jude's hiding place.

Mazzo watches as Karin fucks without foreplay. Her eyes are fixed on the closet. She never looks at Ria.

Karin, heaving up, down, side to side, breathes with increasing theatricality: the Camille of coitus.

CONTINUED

72 CONT'D.

IN THE CLOSET, Jude, wedged into a comfortable position, picks a battered university press paperback from Karin's dirty laundry, opens it at random, reads in the dim slatted lights.

Playing to the closet, Karin achieves an orgasm worthy of Verdi.

Karin unceremoniously unstraddles Ria, rolls him off the bed, helps him haphazardly dress, ushering him all the while toward the door.

Maled, hurt, starts to say something. She cuts him short:

KARIN

Don't spoil it, Bernardo.

Karin latches chain behind Ria, leans flat against door, her heart suddenly pounding. Trembling, she turns toward closet.

Karin proceeds step by step into bedroom. Not a sound from the closet. Fear heightens her anticipation.

KARIN

Jude?

She opens closet door. Jude sits silently reading. He doesn't look up.

KARIN

Jude? I'm sorry.

Mazzo's expression is detached, surreal, as if about to burst into unthinking anger. He looks up from his book:

JUDE

Did you know there's a hole in the ozone layer?

(a beat)

In fifty years Baltimore will be the new Key West.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

73 EXT.

WASHINGTON HARBOUR

EVENING

Beretta pulls in, brakes.

CUT TO:

74 INT. JUDE'S LIVING ROOM EVENING

SUEBEE, Mazzo's cleaning woman, greets him at door:

SUEBEE
(agitated)
They were here today, Director.

JUDE
Who was here?

SUEBEE
He should be ashamed.

JUDE
Who should be ashamed.

SUEBEE
Hideon. Mr. Hideon, from the FBI,
he said. With someone else. He
acted like you were just nobody.
That's the way he talked to me. You
should've heard him. He wanted a
blue tie.

Mazzo walks to bedroom; Suebee follows, talking:

CUT TO:

75 INT. JUDE'S BEDROOM EVENING

SUEBEE
He shoulda been ashamed, talking
about you that way. I told him I
would call NATA immediately if he
didn't leave. "How dare you?" I
said. Then they left.

Jude goes through tie rack. He peruses one blue tie after
another: the silk Missoni is missing.

JUDE
Strange, I remember a tie like--?

SUEBEE
It was so wrinkled. Honestly, I don't
know what you'd do without me. It's
in that new batch from the cleaners.

JUDE
You didn't tell the police?

SUEBEE
Of course not. Did I do something
wrong? Why should I?

CUT TO:

76 INT. JUDE'S BATHROOM NIGHT

Mazzo extracts sky blue murder tie from dry cleaning sheath, cuts it up, places pieces in oversize ashtray. He ignites silk shards with stick matches, drops flaming fragments into toilet bowl, flushes them away as David Byrne sings "Wildlife."

CUT TO:

77 INT. JUDE'S OFFICE NIGHT

Jude speaks on telephone:

JUDE

I must know, Attorney General, have you ordered an investigation of my personal life on the Schreiber case? Me? My own life? I must know.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (O.S.)

We can talk about it at dinner next week.

JUDE

No, no, excuse me, I need to know more.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (O.S.)

We'll talk about it then.
(hangs up)

CUT TO:

78 INT. KENSINGTON MD. BLOOMINDALE'S DAY

Mazzo disguised in jeans, baseball cap and sunglasses, approaches Missoni boutique. Intense insecure CLERK, male, mid-fifties, greets Jude at counter:

CLERK

Yes?

JUDE

A friend bought me a blue silk tie here, and I wondered if you have another?

CLERK

Azure blue?

JUDE

Pale blue, yes.

CLERK

I think so. Let me check.

CONTINUED

78 CONT'D.

Clerk walks off. Jude calls after him:

JUDE
You'll know it if you find it--a
real murderer's tie!
(laughs)

Mazzo's hollow laugh betrays his anxiety. He notices OLDER WOMAN staring at him.

JUDE
What are you staring at?

CUT TO:

*79 EXT. NATA ALLEY DAY

Jude turns corner, walks past alley behind NATA headquarters. He notices "Gourmet Food" truck parked behind NATA. He pauses a moment, continues.

CUT TO:

80 INT. NATA CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

Jude, Milton and dozen staffers sit around long table. Alan concludes his remarks as LEE REISMAN, 32, good-looking, very hip in very button-down sort of way, tiptoes into room. Mazzo wears same clothes as morning of murder: Sahara brown suit, sky blue Missoni tie..

JUDE
(looks to Lee)
Great. Before going on, I'd like
to introduce Lee Reisman, formerly
of the White House press office. He's
going to be working with us the next
couple weeks--and that took some doing,
by the way. Lee's here to protect NATA's
inalienable rights: life, liberty and
the pursuit of publicity!

Staffers chuckle as Reisman takes seat against wall. Reisman whispers memo into micro-cassette recorder.

JUDE
Now, who's writing up the report?

STAFFER
I am, Director.

JUDE
We'll need a 12 to 14 page summary
with a half page cover memo for the
White House. Nothing fancy. Just the
(MORE)

CONTINUED

80 CONT'D.

JUDE contd

broad strokes. The Chief of Staff wants the gist. More than a half-page and he'll pass it down to a subordinate and later claim he wasn't fully informed. The gist of it is that, one, the creation of NATA has resulted in inter-governmental anti-terror cooperation beyond all expectations. Two, suspects in subway bombing are known and being pursued by means which cannot be divulged. Three, most important, terrorist activities are up in every sector and demand immediate response in both manpower and materiel. Be sure to include some anecdotal material--but not Arabs. We want to paint a bigger picture. Tell about the FALN suspect we caught driving a busload of school-kids to Monticello with a pants full of plastique. Tell about how we laughed when--

BOOM! An EXPLOSIVE NOISE rocks the room. Staffers, stunned, look around. Jude leads charge out door.

CUT TO:

81 INT. NATA CORRIDORS DAY

Mazzo, Milton, Alan, Reisman, others break briskly through freshly painted halls. Confused employees point toward source of explosion.

They are joined by NATA POLICEMAN and UNDERCOVER AGENTS. One agent attempts to preceed Mazzo; Jude elbows him back. Corridor buzzes with speculation. Jude continues forward, setting pace.

Pungnet smell greets them. Smoke seeps through emergency exit. Jude rams open rear door, setting off ALARM. He's immediately outside.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. NATA ALLEY DAY

Twisted Gourmet Food truck in flames, flat against NATA dumpster. Windows are shattered up and down alley, a few trees are burning. Otherwise, there seems little damage. SIRENS wail in distance.

The truck has absorbed most of the blast. It's nothing but a flaming shell. Jude's already in action:

JUDE

Tell the D.C. cops to cordon the area.

CONTINUED

82 CONT'D.

UNDERCOVER AGENT

A radio!

Reisman rushes inside as agents sprint opposite directions down alley. Jude scans bomb scene.

SECURITY POLICEMAN

Everyone stand back! It's still alive! Get these people back!

Chattering ONLOOKERS edge back, regroup, their ranks swelling.

ONLOOKER #1

Anybody hurt?

ONLOOKER #2

I don't think so.

ONLOOKER #3

An old lady just passed by.

ONLOOKER #4

What happened?

Jude's eyes fix on truck: he sees something. He climbs without warning into twisted hot metal. Someone SCREAMS. Milton and others yell: "Get out! Get out!"

Jude ignores their warnings, searches dashboard--inches from flaming explosives. NATA agent mounts truck to rescue Mazzo, burns hand on strip of steel. More SCREAMS. Jude's coattail catches fire. Other agents, joined by D.C. Police, prepare to force him out.

Before they can act, Jude retrieves smoldering documents from glove compartment, works his way free. Jude clutches papers as he drops to pavement--his jacket aflame, his right hand seared. Cops tug off his coat, stomp out flames. All eyes on Director Mazzo.

Jude dramatically displays charred documents: photos and floor plans of White House, Jefferson Memorial, Capitol.

Reisman returns with camera just in time to catch picture of Jude, burnt, smudged by smoke and debris, holding high frightening evidence. CLICK!

CUT TO:

83 INT.

BLOOMINGDALE'S

DAY

Camera PANS from Washington Post PHOTO of Jude triumphant to reveal Dect. Gideon questioning Missoni Clerk. Gideon holds newspaper under arm. Headline reads: "Nata Bomb Bares Terror Plot."

CONTINUED

83 CONT'D.

CLERK
 --"azure." "Azure Blue." I know
 just the tie you're talking about.
 It's from the Spring Collection.

DECT. GIDEON
 How many do you stock?

CLERK
 Of the solids? Three or four.
 Someone was asking about that same
 tie just the other day. He bought
 the last one.

DECT. GIDEON
 What did he look like?

CLERK
 About your height, 45 or 50, I'm
 bad with age. He looked like that
 guy on TV last night. In the
 truck bombing. Wasn't that terrific,
 what he did?

Gideon places Post on counter, points to Jude's grainy
 black-and-white picture.

CLERK
 Yeah; that's him.

CUT TO:

84 INT.

TV STUDIO

DAY

Jude is guest on "The Donahue Show." Jude and PHIL DONAHUE
 chat as they watch monitor: beach beauties sell diet soda
 on screen. Reisman stands behind camera crew.

Show returns live. Mazzo sits straight; Donahue waits his cue:

DONAHUE
 We're back. Our program is on
 "Terrorism: Has it come to America?"
 and our special guest is NATA Director
 Jude Mazzo, the man who's done so
 much to help turn the tide in the
 battle against international terrorism.
 (to Jude)
 I'd like to start by congratulating
 Director Mazzo on the recent arrests--

JUDE
 --they were a group effort.

CONTINUED

84 CONT'D.

DONAHUE

What about jumping into a burning truck? You can't say that was a group effort.

Jude shrugs sheepishly, scans female audience. His eyes fix on young blond girl--a girl not unlike Karin.

DONAHUE

You know, Director, I don't know what it is. It's like a gust of fresh air from Washington. I feel safer just sitting here talking to you.

JUDE

I never set out to be a symbol.
I only set out to be sensible.

Donahue holds up issue of Time with Jude on cover.

DONAHUE

This is today's Time magazine. There's a picture of Director Mazzo and alongside the words, "The Jude Mood." What do you think of this "Jude Mood" that's sweeping Washington?

JUDE

Don't confuse me with the zeitgeist, Phil. I don't spend my time worrying about the National Mood. I leave that to the columnists.

DONAHUE

But don't you aspire to higher office?

JUDE

I've never even thought about that. I don't have time for personal ambition. I'm just trying to help my country. It's my job.

Spontaneous applause.

CUT TO:

85 INT.

GIDEON'S OFFICE

DAY

Gideon watches "Donahue" in large, functional FBI office. One wall is covered with mug shots of interrogees in Schreiber investigation. Dusty pix of Reagan and Hoover flank FBI seal.

CONTINUED

85 CONT'D.

FBI Interrogator #1 and uneasy Missoni Clerk watch "Donahue" alongside Gideon. Yellow "FBI Evidence" tag partially blocks Sony screen. WOMAN IN TV AUDIENCE asks Mazzo:

TV WOMAN
Who are your heroes?

JUDE
Off the top of my head--my father,
of course, President Reagan, JFK,
Lee Iacocca, Martin Luther King,
Guglio Marconi--and Walt Disney.

"Donahue" audience chuckles. Gideon lowers his head.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. FBI BUILDING DAY

Mazzo, Milton and Alan round corner, sprint up concrete steps.

CUT TO:

87 INT. FBI BUILDING DAY

Interrogator #1 greets them at door, escorts Mazzo and retinue through security.

FBI INTERROGATOR #1
Follow me. We were just watching
you on "Donahue," Director. I liked
what you said. Everybody's beaming
around here.

ALAN
Why couldn't Detective Gideon come
to us? The Director's time is very
important.

FBI INTERROGATOR #1
I just follow orders.

JUDE
It's alright, Alan.

They turn corner, stride in pairs down corridor.

MILTON
What's this all about? This
"new evidence"?

CONTINUED

87 CONT'D.

FBI INTERROGATOR #1

(to Jude)

* It's nothing, Director. A compulsive liar, if you ask me.

CUT TO:

88 INT.

GIDEON'S OFFICE

DAY

Interrogator opens door for Jude and others, closes it behind them. Gideon and Clerk stand facing window. Only Gideon turns to Mazzo. Missoni Clerk, frightened, shuts eyes, waits to be called.

FBI INTERROGATOR #1

(to Clerk)

This man would like to ask you a few questions. Please turn around.

JUDE

Who is he?

Mazzo circles to face Clerk; Gideon stands between. Clerk slowly lifts eyes to Mazzo. Jude greets him with cold damning stare: the look that kills.

Clerk, turning to jelly, glances at others, looks back at Torquemada Jude.

JUDE

Well?

Missoni Clerk would be shitting if his sphincter weren't up his throat. He pleads:

CLERK

Excuse me, sir, there's been a mistake. I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else.

JUDE

Really? Who?

CLERK

I...must have been...I confused you with someone else.

JUDE

(to Gideon)

With who then?

FBI INTERROGATOR #1

He was convinced he knew you. He said he sold some strange man--

CONTINUED

88 CONT'D.

DECT. GIDEON

He said he sold you a silk tie identical to the one under victim's fingernail--just twelve days ago! He says this man talked about murder and--

JUDE

Let him talk.

CLERK

Well, it was just like that. He must have been some lunatic or an actor rehearsing a role--

JUDE

(to Gideon)

Is that all?

Gideon nods. Mazzo leads Clerk to door.

JUDE

You're free to go. You did the right thing. Public service is always rewarded. We have your name.

CLERK

Thank you, sir.

Clerk exits. Jude turns on Gideon, his voice rising:

JUDE

You little shit! What did you think you were doing?

DECT. GIDEON

He identified your picture! How did I know--?

JUDE

Thank God I didn't hire you. You couldn't have lasted two days under me.

Gideon bites tongue, looks away. Jude yells at Milton and Alan:

JUDE

You two! Don't you have any respect? Get out!

Milton and Alan immediately leave.

JUDE

You still want that tie? It's a little charred from the explosion.

Gideon, looking off, shakes head--almost imperceptibly. He's had enough humiliation today. Goddamn tie.

CONTINUED

88 CONT'D.

Mazzo notices wall of mug shots:

JUDE
Who are these?

DECT. GIDEON
Everyone questioned in the case.

Jude zeros in on black-and-white blow-up of Ria in protest tableau. His face's circled with red grease pencil. Beside Ria stands Tomas, 23, Puerto Rican.

JUDE
I recognize him! I saw him in the crowd outside her apartment! Who are they?

Jude pulls Ria/Tomas photo from wall, begins to fold it. Gideon stops him, takes photo from Jude:

DECT. GIDEON
This ain't your investigation, Director! This ain't your jurisdiction! This ain't terrorism!

JUDE
It will be! When watch out!

Mazzo bolts out Gideon's office.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. 9TH STREET DAY

Mazzo rushes from FBI Building, crosses street. Across 9th, Jude rests against improbable row of X-rated peep shows and shops--literally in J. Edgar's shadow.

Mazzo breathes heavily, wipes his face. Even Jude can only suppress terror so long. He quickly pulls himself together, walks away.

CUT TO:

*90 INT. COSMO CLUB BATHROOM NIGHT

Jude, wearing tuxedo, washes hands and face in marble and gilt lavatory. He senses something wrong. Someone is watching him.

He looks at mirror: nothing. Turns his head, looks behind: nothing.

Mazzo looks back at mirror, only to be greeted by smiling Felliniesque face of LAVATORY ATTENDENT. Jude fumbles in his pants pocket for a tip.

CUT TO:

91 INT. COSMO CLUB BAR NIGHT

Exclusive club on Mass. Ave. (women can eat but can't join).
D.C. aristocracy sip watered drinks, wait to be seated.

* The room reeks of power. Decisions made here effect the world.

Director Mazzo and Attorney General Gabriel, also tuxedoed,
all smiles, work bar. Jude's at the top of his game. He
flirts with one matron in French, another Russian. Gabriel
pulls him away:

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Com'on Director. Forgive us.

* JUDE
(looks around)
So these are the smokey
backrooms of policial lore?
Any tips?

* ATTORNEY GENERAL
Don't play favorites. These guys
are all powerbrokers and each has
an ego big enough to fill RFK Stadium.
Hell, why am I giving you tips? If
I was so smart, I'd be the special
guest here, not you.
(whispers)
By the way, the truck bomb was
a stroke of genius. Really.

JUDE
We should act fast. We know all
their names.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Of course.

They enter dining room.

CUT TO:

92 INT. COSMO CLUB DINING ROOM NIGHT

Jude sits in impressive company: Attorney General Gabriel,
Assistant A.G., STATE DEPARTMENT UNDER-SECRETARY, PARTY
CHAIRMAN, FINANCE MOGUL, SENIOR BUSINESS LEADER, CONSTRUCTION
TYCOON and ASSISTANT. All wear tuxedos.

Construction Tycoon pitches Gabriel and Jude:

CONSTRUCTION TYCOON
...That's a 2.5 billion saving right
there. Think of the impact: prison space
for all drug offenders. Our latest poll
(MORE)

CONTINUED

92 CONT'D.

CONSTRUCTION TYCOON contd
gives this program an 84% approval--
higher than Medicare. Good for law
enforcement, good for the economy, good
for votes.

ASST. TO TYCOON
Here's an idea that came up: sentence
all drug offenders to at least one year,
then let minor offenders buy up to 11
months of freedom at \$1000 a day. Let
the rich kids pay for the prisons. Each
thou buys 37 incarceration days for the
next guy.

Gabriel frowns: this is not ethical. It's not even feasible.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
I have some problems with that.

Tycoon quickly changes subject:

CONSTRUCTION TYCOON
Did you read the Time cover on
Director Mazzo? Really something.

STATE UNDER-SECRETARY
What a puff piece.

ASSISTANT A.G.
It was terrific.

PARTY CHAIRMAN
Just what we needed.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Hard-hitting in a Princess Di
sort of way.

STATE UNDER-SECRETARY
How'd you do it? State's been trying
six months to get some top spin from
Time-Life.

JUDE
(modest)
They're just selling magazines,
like everyone else.

Senior Business Leader sets _ced tea down with punctuation
mark. Others turn. He exudes authority:

CONTINUED

92 CONT'D.

BUSINESS LEADER

Let me get to the point. I've cleared this with Justice, State, Chairman Luddy.

(acknowledges them)

You must know, Judi, that we've started a campaign fund in your name--you don't have to comment. It's something we want to do. Not for this year, not for next--it's just an idea we want to drop in the public consciousness. See what happens. If no response, it'll fade away unnoticed. None of us will be involved by name.

PARTY CHAIRMAN

We're on the look for leaders. Especially now. The President will be hard to replace. I wish we could just wax him and set him in the Oval Office.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

We damn near have.

*

CONSTRUCTION TYCOON

I still have problems with the family issue. Can a bachelor go all the way? How about it, Jude? Got anything in the works? A fiancée? I'm dead. You try to sell an unattached sexy mid-forty candidate. A fucking hormone bomb. I could live with a steady girlfriend--"Is she or isn't she?"--slash/potential fiancée/slash/wife-to-be.

*

STATE UNDER-SECRETARY

I know a girl, 26, gorgeous, she'll fuck your brains out, small talk with the Prime Minister of Uganda, go home and beat you at chess.

*

JUDE

I have a private life and I'm not ashamed of it. Sex is a low priority for me. Someday--soon--I will meet the right woman and marry. The issue has never obstructed me. Don't underestimate voters: they know essence from ephemera--

CONTINUED

92 CONT'D.

*

CONSTRUCTION TYCOON

Hah! Voters are ignorant--and they make the rules--

*

BUSINESS LEADER

The rules change, Cal. They used to say a Catholic couldn't be President, they used to say a divorced man couldn't be President. Here comes Kennedy, here comes Reagan--goodbye rules.

PARTY CHAIRMAN

The new polls show Jude just a point under the President in personal approval.

FINANCE MOGUL

"Charisma plus credibility equals character."

Jude studies each face. This is for real. Powerbroker central. Business Leader resumes conversation.

BUSINESS LEADER

I don't care what anybody says. The press can't make leaders. Not real leaders. Men the public wants to believe. Men who can make people believe any screwy thing they say. Big money and the media can do a lot, sometimes 90%, but it's always the 10% that matters. And you can't buy it. I oughtta know...

(laughs)

...I've tried often enough!

PARTY CHAIRMAN

There are those who think you have that 10%. You got a New Decade vibe. You might just be the man for the Nineties.

Business Leader breaks mood with robust shrug:

BUSINESS LEADER

Who knows? Now let's change the subject before Judi here can respond. How's pussy, boys?

A good old boy chuckle.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. WHITE HOUSE NIGHT

Jude's Beretta heads west down 15th, circles White House. Jude grins--all's right again. Off screen phone RINGS: Big Bopper answers from car stereo:

"CHANTILLY LACE"
 "Hel-lo ba-by,
 Yeah, this is the Big Bopper speakin'
 (demonic laugh)
 O-oh, you sweet thang! Do I what?
 Will I what? O-oh, ba-by,
 You kno-ow what I like!"

North portico of White House is bathed in white light. 11:00 o'clock news. Network correspondants stand before glowing backdrop, file their stories. Jude sings along:

"CHANTILLY LACE"
 "...make me feel real loose,
 Like a long-neck goose,
 Like a girl--
 O-oh, ba-by, that's what I like!"

CUT TO:

94 EXT. NATA ALLEY NIGHT

Unmarked military transport vans stand behind NATA headquarters. Sometime after midnight.

CUT TO:

95 INT. NATA UTILITY ROOM NIGHT

Top floor of townhouse has been gutted, stripped back to sandblasted brick rectangle. Plainclothes officers line thirty DETAINEES, all male, in rows before folding tables. Seated clerks process detainees over tabletop computers.

The detainees represent terrorist nationalities: Palestinian, Puerto Rican, Libyan, Iranian, Sikh--Third World all. Some are angry and abusive, most are frightened. Detainees reply as best they can, each in accent, their babel swelling like a mantra.

All in all, an unsettling tableau--more secret rite than penal procedure.

All eyes turn as Jude enters with Milton. Jude reads from computer printout as he walks down the rows, inspecting suspects. Alan joins them.

CONTINUED

95 CONT'D.

JUDE

All my floppy disk friends.
I feel like I know you all
Like a reunion--what's the name
of that film, the one with "Heard
It Through the Grapevine"?

ALAN

The Big Chill.

JUDE

Yeah, it's a good thing I'm not
sentimental.

ALAN

We've located 31 of the 55 suspects
you requested.

JUDE

(to detainees)

You all got top grades: "Priority
Surveillance," "Detain," "Deport."
All connected to car bomb conspiracies--
however trivial.

Jude examines each passing Arab face, checks printout, nods
as he turns down next row.

JUDE

(to Alan)

Maybe they went out with the wrong
girl ten years ago, who knows? Most
will be free in a few hours, but not
all. This is the sexiest group of
suspects we've had since Hoover. Just
wait, something will pop up. Sometimes
you have to throw a wide net.

(looks around)

Ria Maled?

ALAN

No luck.

Mazzo stops before HALUK YORGLU, young Turk in designer glasses.

JUDE

This is Haluk Yorglu. He and his
brother in Ankara figured a way to
double their drug profits by financing
terrorism. Now he's got three lawyers
and a press agent.

(moves on)

CONTINUED

95 CONT'D.

ALAN
We did find Tomas Donoso, the
boy in the photo with Ria. Also
on the phone taps.

JUDE
Where?

ALAN
Two rows over. With the
Puerto Ricans.

Alan leads Jude and Milton to TOMAS DONOSO, 22, slight, unkempt.
Tomas' boyish face bristles as they approach.

JUDE
Name?

TOMAS
(contemptuous)
So this is America? The "land of
the free" we sang about in San Juan.
Where's Lady Liberty now, Herr
Director?
(clicks heels)

JUDE
(to Milton)
I'll question him tomorrow--maybe.
It would be advisable to keep him
off food and drink until then.
"Nothing by mouth."

CUT TO:

96 INT. JUDE'S NATA OFFICE DAY

Jude, at desk, studies Ria Maled file: photos, intelligence
reports, wiretap transcripts. Milton enters unannounced.

JUDE
How's our boy? Tomas will lead
us to Ria--trust me.

MILTON
Good news. We couldn't find Ria
because the FBI already picked him
up. He's at the Bureau now.

JUDE
(angry)
Good news!

CONTINUED

96 CONT'D.

MILTON

I thought it was good news. Gideon is conducting the interrogation himself.

This only upsets Jude more:

JUDE

Has Ria talked? How much does he know?

MILTON

No idea.

JUDE

Where did you hear this?

MILTON

Lt. Weiss.

CUT TO:

97 EXT.

DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON

DAY

Jude speaks on pay phone near corner of G Street and 10th, a marginal district. His voice is urgent:

JUDE

Someone must know what's going on over there. Why don't you just go and ask around?

LT. WEISS (O.S.)

I tried. The FBI denies it even has Maled. Gideon wants Ria all to himself.

JUDE

How'd you find out?

LT. WEISS (O.S.)

Two officers tried to assist the arrest--the Bureau boys told them to keep quiet. Why don't you just get some agents, go over and grab him? Flex your jurisdiction.

JUDE

That's just it. I don't have jurisdiction. Not til I tie him to terror. Gideon's gonna screw everything up. I want Ria!

LT. WEISS (O.S.)

Let it go, Director. Let Gideon get his glory. It's just a homicide.

CONTINUED

97 CONT'D.

JUDE
Yeah, thanks.

Mazzo hangs up, walks down G Street. For the first time we see him not affecting a pose. "Jude walk" is now introspective slouch. Jude's been weaving a contradictory self-destructive web, and the strain shows.

Jude, lost in thought, passes prone wino. Ahead, scraggly STREET MUSICIAN, 40ish, wheezes Vivaldi on old flute. Dollar bill and several coins lie in open case at his feet: a scene straight from Haight-Ashbury era. Street Musician looks toward Mazzo expectantly, catches his eye.

Jude returns Musician's stare, slows, stops--suddenly stoops to steal lone bill from flute case! Stunned flutist stops playing:

STREET MUSICIAN
Wha--?

Jude explodes with distain:

JUDE
You're so fucking bad you're lucky
you only owe me a dollar!
(points to wino)
People are trying to sleep here!

STREET MUSICIAN
(backing away)
Really, mister, I don't think--

Jude bounces on balls of his feet:

JUDE
What are you going to do about it,
huh? Call the cops? You're lucky
I don't take your goddamn flute too!
What kind of man plays the flute anyway?

Mazzo abruptly turns, leaving as quickly and calmly as he came. Just a synapse burn-off. He's better now.

Flutist watches dumbfounded. He doesn't know what hit him. But we do.

* Jude stops, stares into space. SOUND of breathing.

CUT TO:

*98 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK

Six months before. Same as scene 72. Ria and Karin fuck. Mazzo peeks through closet louvers.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

99 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET DAY

Continued from scene 89. Mazzo looks around, walks away.
OFF SCREEN phone RINGS.

CUT TO:

100 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK

Three months before. Karin lies in bed as phone RINGS. She picks up receiver, listens, sits up:

KARIN
Yes, I'm alone.
(beat)
Yes, alone. I told you I am.
(beat)
What is this? A jealous tantrum
on the phone?
(beat)
If I were you then, make your men
tap my telephone. Or they can follow
me. Or plant a camera between the
sheets and that sort of thing. There
are a hundred men at your disposal,
right? Assign them over here. Then
you'll always know who I'm with and
just what I'm doing.
(hangs up)

CUT TO:

101 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM DAY

FLASHBACK CONT'D.

One month before. Jude enters apartment just as he did morning of murder. He unfolds letter as he walks into bedroom where Karin lies in negligee.

CONTINUED

101 CONT'D.

JUDE

Your letter says, "It's over.
Let's break off our relationship now."

(laughs)

Karin, you can take this dumb
romantic letter of yours and stick
it right there!

Mazzo crumples letter, crams it between her legs.

KARIN

Get out!

She jumps from bed, crosses room. He follows:

JUDE

Why you afraid to stay around? Listen,
I didn't come here to play the jealous
boyfriend, Karin. If it's up to me,
you can do whatever you like. If you
want to sleep with someone else, to me
it's unimportant...

Jude sits before her. His voice grows plaintive. He pleads
with his fingertips:

JUDE

...But I've got to know about it!
You must tell everything. Everything
you do. Because we're accomplices.

(desperate)

Karin, you just can't put me in this
sort of situation. You know I'm
going to be promoted. I represent
the Law! I represent power, Karin.

(angry)

The first thing you'd better do is
get down on your knees and kiss the
ground I walk because you're a slut!
I want to know who this Ria is, you
whore! Answer!

KARIN

(defiant)

He's a friend who lives in the
building. What else do you want
to know? He's a young man, better
looking than you and a revolutionary, so?

Karin walks away. Jude scrambles over bed after her.

CONTINUED

101 CONT'D.

JUDE

A revolutionary! I'll kill
you! Listen to me--

She slaps him to his knees:

KARIN

Keep your hands off me, you moron!
You are not at the station, you are
at my house! Get out of here!
(hits him)

JUDE

What are you doing?

KARIN

I'm not one of those helpless
worms you step on everyday.
Understand?

JUDE

Karin...

Jude falls to floor, deflecting Karin's swinging arms.

KARIN

You make love like a baby. Because
that's what you are--a stupid baby!

JUDE

(cringing)
Don't yell like that.

KARIN

You also wet your bed, you baby!
You're nobody, nobody at all. As
a man you are incompetent! You're
sexually worse than an incompetent!

Karin wildly hits him. Jude covers his face with his hands.

JUDE

Take your hands off me! Karin,
get your hands off me...!

KARIN

You're terrible! You're nothing,
you're nothing, you're a baby,
understand?

CONTINUED

101 CONT'D.

JUDE
(overlapping)
...Get your hands off me and keep
them off me, Karin... .

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

*102 EXT. VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE DAY

Jude drives through foggy Arlington woods. He can barely see lights of passing cars. He seems anxious, preoccupied.

Mazzo pulls Beretta off road, cuts headlights. He walks into woods, looking for discrete spot to take a piss. Engulfed by fog, he walks further than intended.

He stops, unzips, relieves himself. He looks up: towering trees thick with mist. He realizes he's lost, turns head wildly from right to left.

Panicky, Jude runs tree to tree. His heart's a jackhammer. Where am I?

Mazzo bursts through a grove, spots Beretta--yellow hazzard lights blinking--parked placidly on state road shoulder.

Relieved, he returns to car.

CUT TO:

103 INT. NATA UTILITY ROOM DAY

Brutal brick and sheetrock space now stripped clean. Overhead flourescent lighting eliminates shadows. Two objects remain: straight-back wood chair, beat-up lamp table. Water pitcher, drinking glass sit on table; Tomas Donoso sits on chair. He hangs his head. This room could be anywhere.

Jude, freshly haved and showered, slowly paces length of brick wall. Tomas wears same jeans and T-shirt as night before. His lips are exsiccated, his saliva no longer flows. Tomas looks up.

Jude plays the sphinx. His expression gives no clue to his thoughts or intentions. Mazzo walks with measured steps to far wall, turns to face Tomas--twenty feet distant. Jude, hands in pockets, leans against unfinished sheetrock, assumes stance.

CONTINUED

103 CONT'D.

Dead silence. Each watching the other. Pause. Faint rhythm of breathing. Inhale/exhale.

Jude breaks the tension: he opens his mouth as if to speak, imitates sound of ringing telephone: "Ri-ng." "Ri-ng." Jude hesitates, then picks up imaginary receiver in slow-motion pantomime, lifts it to his ear, listens.

Jude looks at Tomas, grins:

JUDE

Hel-lo, ba-by,
Yeah, this is the Big Bopper speakin'
(demonic laugh)
O-oh, you sweet thang! Do I what?
Will I what? O-oh, ba-by,
You kno-ow what I like!

Jude is suddenly all movement. He charges toward Tomas, intoning ala Oral Roberts:

JUDE

"Something good is going to happen
to you today!"

Mazzo steps to table, pours glass of water, offers it to Tomas:

JUDE

Here.

Tomas clutches glass. He swallows long and hard--his face distorting as he spits out the water!

TOMAS

Salt water!

JUDE

Damn right. Sorry, you gotta
drink it. It's a rule here.
Or else you go on your knees.

TOMAS

Huh?

Jude yanks chair under Donoso. He butt-flops to floor. Mazzo kicks chair away, presses Tomas' head forward:

JUDE

Up! Up! Head down, back straight!
That's right. Feet off the floor!
All your weight must rest on your knees!
(positons Tomas)
Like that. Right. That's perfect.
Balance--don't move!

CONTINUED

103 CONT'D.

Jude positions Tomas' head down and forward, feet lifted--a contortion designed to balance Tomas' entire weight on his knees, each kneecap flat against concrete.

JUDE

You'll remain like that until you drink the water. Then you can stand. It's not so bad. You'll get used to it. Everything's taken care of. You'll be home, comfortable, fed, asleep in an hour. There'll be no charges. We know the facts. You need to repeat them for the record. Tell us about Ria Maled.

Tomas bites his mute lips.

JUDE

I'm like your confessor. You can say anything you want in this room. Here everybody talks. Nothing will happen to you. I'm as silent as the grave. This whole building is one big grave.

Tomas stares ahead, struggles to maintain balance. Sweat drips from his unshaven chin. He wobbles, tips forward to floor on all fours. His lungs heave for air.

Mazzo abruptly knees Tomas, yanks him up, holds him steady with clenched fist. Tomas grimaces. Jude leans his face against his, yells point blank:

JUDE

Don't stand on all fours! You're a human being, boy, not an animal. You're a citizen of a great democracy. This isn't the Gestapo or the KGB. We want to help you. Do you want to stay on your knees--or would you like more salt water? I don't know. You decide. But if you decide to get up, you'll have to drink the whole thing.

Donoso pulls himself to his feet. Jude presses salty pitcher against Tomas' parched lips:

JUDE

I see you decided to drink it.
(lifts pitcher)
The whole thing.

Tomas gulps as Jude pours water down his throat. Tomas gags, spews salt water.

CONTINUED

103 CONT'D.

JUDE

You can't, huh? Alright then,
back on your knees.

Mazzo pressures Tomas to floor, carries pitcher to table.
Donoso resumes kneecap position.

JUDE

(walking)

You would have been better off not
drinking any. In ten minutes you could
be out of here. You could be drinking
a nice big drink of fresh cold water.
Huh? Yes, clear nice good fresh water.
Just tell me what you know.

Tomas doesn't respond. Stone-face. Mazzo speaks nonstop,
pacing ever-constricting circles. Jude, master chameleon,
shifts from persona to persona: one moment inquisitor, next
moment legal brahmin, concerned observer, soulmate, tormentor,
philosophe:

JUDE

I imagine you would call this torture,
this tête-à-tête of ours, and, technically,
I suppose it is--in a trivial, simplistic
sort of way. But it ain't real torture.
No sir. I'll tell you what torture is.
The worst torture is a life stripped of
even the most ordinary limitations. Finding
out one day that the rules don't apply to
you. Somebody took down the fences.

(Tomas wobbles)

Straight, please!

(continues)

It ain't so easy making rules. Try it
sometime. It sounds easy--the easy part
is obeying. I wanted to enforce the law,
not dream it. What happened to me? "The
great act of faith is when man decides he
is not God"--Oliver Wendell Holmes. Moses
had the cushy job--the one I wanted. Just
bring down the commandments, bust sinners,
kick some ass. Let God handle the tricky stuff--

Tomas is barely conscious. Concrete burns his kneecaps like
hot iron. He falls woozily starboard. Mazzo brusquely corrects
Tomas' posture:

JUDE

Back straight, son! That's it!
You got it! Just tell me about Ria,
you can sit in that chair. Say anything.
about him, anything at all and you can

(MORE)

CONTINUED

103 CONT'D.

JUDE contd
sit, drink fresh water. I want
to help you.

TOMAS
(voice breaking)
Please.

JUDE
You know Ria Maled?

TOMAS
Yes.

JUDE
You knew Karin Schreiber?

TOMAS
Yes.

JUDE
Did you conspire with Ria and Karin
to provide logistical information to
avowed terrorist organizations?

TOMAS
But nothing happened.

JUDE
Did you provide information?

TOMAS
Yes.

JUDE
Did you conspire to provide
information?

TOMAS
Yes.

JUDE
Are you sorry for what you've done?

TOMAS
(clutching Jude's leg)
Yes.

JUDE
What was the relationship of Ria
Maled and Karin Schreiber?

CONTINUED

103 CONT'D.

TOMAS
They were friends.

JUDE
Did they have relations?

TOMAS
I don't know.

JUDE
Just what was their relationship?

Tomas' face is livid--devoid of color.

TOMAS
He was in love with her.

CUT TO:

104 INT. TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR DAY

Jude steps into hallway, closes metal door as he greets Milton, Lt. Weiss and NATA POLICEMAN. He instructs Policeman:

JUDE
Give him some water, food, anything he wants. Clean him up.

NATA POLICEMAN
Yes, Director.

JUDE
Then release him. Drive him home.
(to Weiss & Milton)
Our boy implicated Ria. Get a writ and get Ria over here.

CUT TO:

105 INT. NATA UTILITY ROOM DAY

Mazzo waits alone for Ria. He picks up lone chair, places it one spot, then another. Changing his mind, Jude sets chair against far sheetrock wall. Wood chair legs scrape against concrete floor.

Jude sits. He crosses his legs, leans back as smug and suave as Cary Grant.

CONTINUED

105 CONT'D.

Iron door opens. NATA Policemen escort hostile Ria Maled inside. Ria's shirt is sweat-stained from FBI interrogation. His hair disheveled.

JUDE

(to police)

Leave me alone with him.
You two get some coffee.

Ria watches as guards exit, lock door behind them. Jude calls from across room:

JUDE

I hear you put on quite a show
for the FBI. A real Rambo. Didn't
tell them a thing.

Ria doesn't answer. Jude stands, slowly paces:

JUDE

Well, this isn't the FBI, Ria.
This is just you and me. No one
can see us, no one can hear us. Look
around, this is the whole world--and
I'm just the only other person in it.
Just us, like the Garden of Eden.
I just took a vote: you get to be Eve.

Now behind Ria, Mazzo turns, says sharply:

JUDE

You know, your "comrade" just informed
on you! You know your next ten years
are in jail, Ria! That's the minimum,
and I'll see to it you get more than
that!

Maled, head erect, stalks the mighty Mazzo:

RIA

(arrogant)

Ria Maled. Born Torino, Settembre
1969. Chemistry major, Sorbonne. Not
affiliated with any party. Revolutionary.
Foot soldier in international struggle
to liberate all oppressed--

JUDE

(interrupts)

Don't yell. Don't yell.

(beat)

And do you know who I am?

CONTINUED

105 CONT'D.

RIA

You were her lover. The gentleman
who used to call on Mrs. Schreiber,
the woman who was killed.

JUDE

By who and when?

RIA

In my opinion the murderer was you.
You murdered her the morning of May
7. Just before we met each other at
the door, remember?

JUDE

Since you're absolutely sure I did
it, you ought to turn me in.

RIA

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

JUDE

(slaps Ria)

Go on, tell them!

Ria winces with the blow, barks back:

RIA

We'd like you to remain right
where you are! A real murderer in
charge of the latest purges--

Jude grabs Ria with both hands, thrashes him about, slams him
against brick wall. Jude starts to panic, his face phobic.
They yell, overlapping:

JUDE

(desperate)

Report me! Turn me in!
You must do it! I broke
the law and I must pay!
You must do what I say!
I must pay! You must
turn me in!

RIA

(derisive)

Murderer! Murderer!
It's perfect! A sex
killer in the White
House! Perfect! Absolutely
perfect! Go on, do your
job!

Maled stumbles free, starts toward door, looks back:

RIA

Why don't you turn me in?

JUDE

(unraveled)

Because I'm a decent man!
Help me!

CONTINUED

105 CONT'D.

Ria pounds on metal door:

RIA
Open up!
(to Jude)
And the next time we plan anything,
I'll give you a call, Director,
because we got you in our pocket
and you go to Hell!
(pounds door)
Open up! Let me outta here!

Jude rambles in vain from far wall. Ria, pounding door, doesn't hear.

JUDE
(plaintive)
Wait, come back here. Let's talk
this over. We've got a lot to talk
about. You're behaving like a child.
Let's talk this over man to man.

RIA
Let me out!

JUDE
Stop--

NATA Policemen open door, restrain Ria. Puzzled Milton edges past, looks to Jude for explanation. Director Mazzo composes himself.

JUDE
No, no, it's nothing, Milt. He
can get out. He can get out.
It's alright.

Milton nods, follows Maled and officers down corridor. Jude, alone, wanders toward table, collecting his thoughts:

JUDE
(muttering)
He wouldn't turn me in, he's
just a student, a nobody...

Jude pulls Monte Blanc pen from vest pocket, uncaps it. He opens table drawer, takes out blank sheet of paper. He places paper on table, prepares to write.

JUDE
"we've got you in our pocket,
understand...?"

He starts to write.

CONTINUED

*106 EXT.

JUSTICE DEPT.

DAY

Gideon confronts Jude at entrance.

JUDE
The missing link.

DECT. GIDEON
I know everything.

JUDE
Congratulations.

DECT. GIDEON
I've been thinking about you day
and night and I've decided to kill
you. It's the only way to stop you.

JUDE
I'm impressed.

DECT. GIDEON
Some people say Huey Long was murdered.
You and I know the truth: America was
rescued.

JUDE
Let me get this straight: you kill
me so you can go down in history as a
wacko assassin while I, with schoolbook
hyperbole, am cannonized the American
martyr? This you're willing to accept
because secretly you and only you know
you've saved America from Jude Mazzo?

DECT. GIDEON
Yes.

JUDE
And what happens when they open my
blood-soaked suit coat and retrieve
this envelope--
(taps vest pocket)
--a full confession of my crimes up
to and including the murder? How will
you look then?

DECT. GIDEON
You lie.

JUDE
People like you always underestimate
people like me. Go ahead. Take a chance.
Go for it.

Gideon hesitates. Jude turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

107 INT. JUSTICE DEPT. DAY

Deco murals line echoing corridor. A distant silhouette, heels clicking like metronome. The Jude walk. He carries folded hand-written letter.

Jude enters "Office of the Attorney General" without knocking. Representations of "Blind Justice" and "Scales of Justice" are painted above stone lintel.

CUT TO:

108 INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE DAY

The Assistant A.G., caught by surprise, bolts from boss's chair.

ASSISTANT A.G.

Wha--?

(nervous)

Director Mazzo?

JUDE

Where's Attorney General Gabriel?

ASSISTANT A.G.

(walks around desk)

At the White House. I was just--

JUDE

(imperious)

You'll never understand the magnitude of my action or my sacrifice. I walk in here to reaffirm my trust in the purity of authority and the impartial glory of the Law--

(withdraws letter)

--and who do I get to look at?
A lucky little bureaucrat!

ASSISTANT A.G.

What have I done?

Jude hands Assistant A.G. folded letter:

JUDE

I hand you the solution to the killing of Karin Schreiber. From this moment on I am at the disposal of the wheels of Justice. The FBI will want to interrogate me so I will be at my apartment.

CONTINUED

108 CONT'D.

Assistant Attorney General opens letter as Jude leaves.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. WASHINGTON HARBOUR EVENING

Jude parks Beretta coupe, enters building. The sun, red from refracted smog, hovers over skyline.

CUT TO:

110 INT. JUDE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Light falls through doorway. Jude lies coffin-like atop bedspread. He stares at ceiling, hands clasped beneath his head. His jacket hangs neatly over chair. Jude's tie glows against white shirt--a sky blue gash from neck to navel.

Rolling Stones blare from living room stereo: "It's only rock and roll, but I like it, I like it."

Jude looks toward door: what's taking them so long?

CUT TO:

111 INT. JUDE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Jude lifts horizontal blind, looks out window. Rolling Stones sing unaffected by timecut: "It's only rock and roll."

He sees: Detective Gideon, on stakeout, staring back at Jude. Gideon stands beside unmarked car, brightly lit by floodlamp. Gideon makes no attempt to hide. He's just watching. Jude turns away anxiously. What's taking them so long?

CUT TO:

112 INT. JUDE'S OFFICE NIGHT

Jude roams office. Rolling Stones continue uninterrupted: "But I like it."

CONTINUED

112 CONT'D.

He drifts past gallery of framed photos and souvenirs. Mazzo's eyes pan eclectic memories: Yale Law School diploma, faded snapshot of proud mother with smiling son, hand-written note from the President. What's taking them so long?

Jude glances out window: Gideon stands watch. He removes legal textbook, Capital Offenses, from shelf, opens it on desk. He flips to chapter heading, "Origins of Insanity Defense," says something to himself, walks away.

Mazzo looks out window again. This time he sees line of headlights snaking through Washington Harbour complex. Gideon turns to greet approaching cars.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. WASHINGTON HARBOUR NIGHT

Three navy blue sedans park near side entrance. Very low profile: no motorcycles, no bumper flags. Each car carries four men.

Twelve car doors swing open simultaneously. Dark-suited officials squeeze out, stretch their legs, wordlessly assemble behind second vehicle. They include: Attorney General Gabriel, Assistant Attorney General, State Dept. Under Secretary, Party Chairman, Milton, Reisman, Lt. Weiss and FBI officers.

Gideon confers with Gabriel. They speak confidentially, nodding in turns.

The chauffeurs, plainclothesmen; assume prearranged positions, scan for suspicious activities. Not a soul in sight.

Attorney General leads the way inside. Others follow according to rank. Reisman's last.

CUT TO:

114 INT. 1ST FLOOR HALL NIGHT

Entourage proceeds double-file, oblivious to trompe l'oeil decor. They wait for elevator, compact inside.

CUT TO:

115 INT. ELEVATOR NIGHT

Officials, squeezed tall and tight-assed, stare at digital LED. Elevator lifts from "1" to "2." They file out.

CUT TO:

116 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL NIGHT

Twisting down Etruscan corridor, they approach Jude's apartment. Rolling Stones echo inside. Gabriel double-checks entourage, presses door bell.

CUT TO:

117 INT. JUDE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Jude, face freshly washed, pulls on jacket, crosses room. He turns off stereo ("...but I--CLICK"), opens door.

Each official silently nods as he enters. Milton attempts feeble greeting. Reisman shuts door. Plainclothesmen remain outside.

Mazzo stands against stark wall as his visitors, nine strong, form semi-circle around him. Attorney General Gabriel confronts Jude face to face, sadly shakes his head.

Jude's eyes well up. He lowers his head, unable to face his mentor. He can hardly speak:

JUDE

I've disgraced you. I'm sorry, sir. There is no excuse.

Gabriel gently taps Jude's cheek, turns away. Gideon assumes interrogator's stance directly behind Mazzo. He speaks over Jude's shoulder, for all to hear:

DECT. GIDEON

Where were you ten o'clock the morning of May 7th? The day of Karin Schreiber's murder?

JUDE

(regains composure)

I can tell you exactly. I can tell you the whole story. Because I was there. I killed her.

A.G. Gabriel, nonplussed, weaves through group:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

You must prove that now. Do you think you can?

JUDE

Unfortunately there was a witness. The Italian student, Ria Maled, who's a subversive, was at the entrance. He saw me leaving.

CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

DECT. GIDEON

We know that and it's not true since Ria Maled has a valid alibi. He was in Vermont. I questioned him myself for hours. And you know how thorough I am.

Jude's visitor's react in concert. Mazzo's confused:

JUDE

You remember those bloody footprints all over the victim's apartment? I didn't leave them to sidetrack the investigation, however they did come from my left shoe!

Mazzo yanks off black dress shoe, displays sole. Gabriel takes shoe, compares it to his own:

ATTORNEY GENERAL

There are literally thousands of shoes of the same size and make-- this for example.

PARTY CHAIRMAN

I own an identical pair.

ASSISTANT A.G.

So do I.

- JUDE

But in the apartment there were my fingerprints. Doesn't that prove it to you? Even on the faucets in the shower. Because I killed her and then...and then I used the bathroom.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Strange, according to the report we studied everything thoroughly. We find other fingerprints, but yours--not a one.

Increasingly upset, Mazzo squirms as they obfuscate his every word. Jude thrusts his tie toward Gideon like an accusing finger:

JUDE

That blue thread you took out of her fingernail? It came from a tie just like this.

DECT. GIDEON

Then show us the tie with the missing thread.

* Gideon has done an ideological 180°.

CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

JUDE
I destroyed it.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Why? Tell me.

JUDE
Because my emotions were mixed.
Whether to confess my crime and be
put in jail or to use the power I
had to smooth it over. I admit, I
wanted to know if I really had that
power. I got carried away.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
You were hallucinating your own
indecision. You have a neurosis.

Jude grows more manic with each rebuttal:

JUDE
Yes, but probably this disease was
contracted during this long permanent
unbroken exercise of power. You might
call it a professional illness or an
example of an occupational disease that
punishes those who control our helpless
little society.

PARTY CHAIRMAN
That's impossible.

LT. WEISS
We're all healthy here so cut the psychological
crap. We must have absolute actual proof
you're guilty, you know that. Not just
words, facts. Evidence!

JUDE
But what about the man I bought the
second tie from? At the store?

DECT. GIDEON
That's false. He doesn't know you.

JUDE
But I can tell you this between us,
he denied it because he was scared.
When he learned who I was!

CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

I will not permit you to insult all our findings. You are insulting me, your colleagues and the law enforcement establishment.

DECT. GIDEON

Let's be more concrete. Your motive? What motive did you have?

Mazzo paces wildly:

JUDE

She made fun of me! She made fun of me! And the whole department! The whole department! And of the establishment! All of us! The Law itself!

ATTORNEY GENERAL

That's hearsy and not evidence. You cannot prove that so it never happened!

Jude takes Gabriel momentarily aside:

JUDE

(whispers)

Everyday she tortured me more. She treated me like an infant.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

(to others)

Nonsense! Science fiction!

JUDE

I murdered her out of jealousy!

MILTON

You never knew her!

OTHERS

Evidence! We need evidence!

LT. WEISS

You can't prove it.

Jude flails, spinning one way then another:

JUDE

Gentlemen! Alright! Just a moment. You want proof? I'll bring you the proof now. In just one moment. You'll see I'm guilty.

CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

They settle. Jude pats coiffure into place, walks quickly into his office. Officials band together sotto voce. From Jude's office: SOUND of drawer unlocked, opened, shut.

Mazzo reappears brandishing 8x10 black-and-white photos, strides back speaking. His energy level's off the meter:

JUDE

Gentlemen, Attorney General, look at these photos--dirty pictures!--the murder victim spread out in various erotic poses perversely imitating the cheapest crime magazines--

(distributes photos)

--all taken by me in her apartment, making use of my passion for amateur photography--which you know! Look, you can even see me in the mirror in this one! I want you to examine them.

Attorney General Gabriel accepts Jude's first extended photo; then, slowly, dramatically, rips the 8x10 apart, dropping torn pieces to floor. He doesn't even look at photo. It's irrelevant.

JUDE

Examine them!

Gabriel's subordinates follow suit, shred "crime scene" glossies: SLOW MOTION fragments of Karin Schreiber, posed, nude, flutter down like dying butterflies. Jude spins, caught in surreal shower of photo-erotic memories.

Mazzo struggles to stop them:

JUDE

Please! No! You can't ignore the facts!

Weiss and Gideon wrestle Jude to floor, subdue him amid torn porn. Jude's protests blur incoherently.

ANONYMOUS VOICE

It's a disgrace.

ANONYMOUS VOICE

It makes your flesh crawl.

ANONYMOUS VOICE

I always said he was never a team player.

Attorney General steps over Jude, peers down. Mazzo submissively looks up to Gabriel:

JUDE

What do you want? What?
I'll do whatever you say.

CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

OTHERS

Ah! Good! Finally!

PARTY CHAIRMAN

Bravo, bravo!

JUDE

What do you want?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Get on your knees, Jude. You must do something for your country.

(a beat)

You must confess your innocence.

STATE UNDER-SECRETARY

It's best for everyone.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

On your knees, Jude.

JUDE

But the public? When they find out?

ASSISTANT A.G.

Nothing to find out.

PARTY CHAIRMAN

They want to believe you.

ASSISTANT A.G.

A delusion.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

On your knees!

* Gideon helps Jude to his feet.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Say it!

Jude lifts eyes to Gabriel:

JUDE

I confess my innocence.

CHEER goes up. Reisman appears with bottle of champagne, pops cork! Communal laughs as drinks are poured.

Attorney General and Party Chairman heartily clasp, congratulate Mazzo. Jude accepts anonymous glass of champagne. He drinks with foamy smile.

CONTINUED

117 CONT'D.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
It's all over, Jude.
(laughs)
Just like a movie.

*

DECT. GIDEON
The rules have changed.

PARTY CHAIRMAN
You've got a great future.

*

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Just smile.

OFF SCREEN phone RINGS as we FREEZE on Jude's SMILE. The Big Bopper answers:

"CHANTILLY LACE"
"Hel-lo, ba-by,
Yeah, this is the Big Bopper speakin'
(demonic laugh)
O-oh, you sweet thang! Do I what?
Will I what? O-oh, ba-by,
You kno-ow what I like!"

THE END